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Larnie L. F. Wellington.

LEAFLETS

ALONG THE PATHWAY OF LIFE.

— BY —

MRS. CARRIE L. FISHER WELLINGTON.

COLLECTED AND DEDICATED TO HER FRIENDS AS A
TRIBUTE OF SISTERLY AFFECTION BY
SARAH C. FISHER.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

IDEALS.

SUGGESTED BY THE GREEK TRAGEDIES.

SHOULD we but shape our lives to high Ideals,
Not paralyzed by sibyl-leaves of Fate,
Or trifling with our talents consecrate
To lofty aims—how grand would be the Reals
We should transfuse into our nation's life !
The gifted Greeks by dreary Fate oppressed,
—A Fate which alien was to happy rest,—
To ruthless Destiny opposed no strife,
But bowed before the tyrant auguries
And horoscope's inexorable law,
Decreed by proud Olympus' haughty power.
We of this age, born under gentler skies,
Should sway our destiny by higher law,
That grander than of old our lives may tower,
Not as mere beautiful, abstract *Ideals*,
But nobly-fought and bravely-won true *Reals*.

Published in "Christian Register," January 11, 1879.

INSPIRATION.

As soughs the breeze these gray November days
 So wails a chord, a sobbing monotone,
 Coloring my life with gloomy undertone ;
 The cold, dark future's melancholy haze
 Confines a fearful phantom at my heart ;
 I yield, and of life's bitter potion drink,
 And gloating over my sad fortunes think ;
 I feel myself from men a thing apart.
 Humanity repels my morbid mind.
 Nowhere my heart will rest and comfort find.

* * * * *

Suddenly hopeful strains fall on mine ear,
 The artist plays, the mist dissolves away.
 No more I shudder at the future drear.
 Sing on, sweet friend, and ever with me stay.
 Play, as did David, Saul's dark mood away.
 I'll keep the *present* ever with me bright ;
 No future e'er shall dawn upon my sight.
 It shall be always *present*, ever *now*,
 The Duty to which earnest lives should bow.

1878.

GENIUS.

DEEPER than wingèd sense of man can probe
 Lies Genius, finest essence of the soul,
 The vital spark, the universal whole
 Which makes of life more than an earthly robe,—

A brilliant, dazzling gossamer of light.
This crown of Genius, spell of untold power,
Transforms the crowned one in the inspired hour,
While Mercury from the Olympian heights
Inflames the archer by celestial fire
Transmitted through his marvellous sweet lyre.

Such wondrous strains rouse inspiration's muse
To give pursuit to the eluding goal.

Life seems with heaven's divinest light trans-
fused ;
A glow almost Promethean fires the soul,

And man becomes a god in feeling, thought,
And bridges over the myterious space
By luminous connection, once effaced
By mortal limitations. Vain is sought
This link among the gifts of earthly mould ;
'Tis fashioned in the perfect crucible
Far from all sensuous things and fallible,
Guarded by gods who do their loves enfold.

Genius is insight true to higher needs, —
A zephyr quickening all the barren flowers
With pollen wafted by the fleeting hours
Speeding Aurora's car. So subtly feeds
The dust ambrosial these fair opening flowers,
They load with richest fruit Autumnna's bowers.

HUSKS.

WHY is it that life has a depth and a fulness,
 A wealth and a richness and beautiful sparkle
 For some happy spirits, while others find only
 The Husks?

Why is it that love sheds the daintiest halo,
 And brightens life's prose to the sweetest of idyls,
 And floods us with joy-dreams, while thousands
 get only The Husks?

And truly for some, life's a strain of rich music,
 An echo so joyous of notes glad and cheery,
 They scarce even dream of the thousands who
 get but The Husks.

Then if we would make life a beautiful picture,
 All sparkling and flashing 'mid radiance of sun-
 light,
 'Tis e'en but our choice to make gladness, or get
 but The Husks.

ASPIRATIONS.

WRITTEN AT THE AGE OF SIXTEEN YEARS.

SOMETIMES a rhyme I must essay,
 Some joyous glad refrain ;
 I cannot else the trance dispel
 Which thralls my fancy's chain.

About me then are singing soft
Songsters invisible,
That lift my spirit's longing sense
To thoughts ineffable.

They bid me steep intensity
In aspirations high;
Parnassus lures the ardent sense.
Its muses seem so nigh,
I think to hear their whispers e'en,
Those sweet-voiced messengers;
Would I might their elixir quaff,
Those dainty harbingers.

Life leads us through a labyrinth;
A web most intricate
She weaves into her varied woof;
And oft we mourn our fate,
When aspirations ripen not;
Yet why should we forget,
Their mission fair they also serve
Who only stand and wait?

We cannot all do val'rous deeds;
The time's not always ripe
To win a shining, lustrous fame;
But ever for the type

Of manhood brave and woman true,
Aspiring to the goal
To which with glowing impulses
Yearns every noble soul.

Published in "Cambridge Chronicle."

NEW VERSION OF AN OLD PROSE POEM.

"THE drop of rain falls on glowing iron and is no more.

It falls on a flower and shines like a pearl.

It sinks into the shell at the happy hour, and becomes the pearl itself.

Such the difference between kinds of friendship among men."

THE drop of rain falleth,
The iron doth glow,
The flame is absorbing
The rain in its flow.

The clear drops are pattering
Adown on the flowers;
Soft pearl-dew on leaflets
In bright, sunny hours.

Now welcomes the sea-shell
The drop in its cave.

In secret conjunction,
The sun and the wave

A pearl are evolving.
This mere drop of rain
A thing of rare beauty
Will ever remain.

So pearls of affection,
If safe in our hearts,
From their sweet hiding-place
Ne'er will depart.

The ivy of friendship
Will gracefully twine,
If tenderly cherished
Its fast-clinging vine

To keep in their nestling,
With tendrils of love,
The jewels symbolic
Of soul-life above.

LILY OF THE VALLEY.

DARLING of Nature, —
Lily of the vale, —
Nestling so cosily in bed of green,
Magical forms of peerless loveliness, —

Chalices, lustrous with the dew-drops' sheen,
Drooping so gracefully upon the stem,
Fairies might quaff their nectar pure from them.

Messengers mystical,
Fair, emblematical,
Purity typical

Of that sweet love the angels feel.
Heaven comes to earth in floral loveliness ;
Love sings her lays in dainty, lily dress ;
Darling of nature,—
Lily of the vale.

FADING.

ONLY some fading violets
Lying there.
But ah ! they exhale a fragrance
Rich and rare.
Memories loving and tender,
Friendship dear ;
A voice of musical rhythm
Greets my ear,
Like the fall of a lute's sweet cadence,
Soft and clear.

True, they are fading violets
Too fair to last ;
But yet they whisper fond secrets
Of days long past.

And every hour they grow dearer,
Love, to me,
Each leaflet exquisite, fraught with
Sweet thoughts of thee.

Published in "Cambridge Chronicle," March 17, 1876.

IN THE WOODS. — A MOOD.

I WANDERED down the piney, fragrant pathway,
One rare October day.
Delicious monodies the breeze was crooning ;
The sweetness of its lay
Dispelled the gloom which hovers subtly over
Nature's sublime decay.

The gentle motion of the tiny lakelet,
Murmurs caressingly
Around the curving shore, whose brilliant leafage
Welcomes the soft embraces of the wooer,
And o'er the mirror dimly contemplative
Lingers most lovingly.

High in their breezy eyrie pine birds whistle
The autumn's parting notes.
To softest harmonies their lyre attuning,
Fair nature strikes the keynote of the chorus
Which in our senses floats,

Like grand invisible Te Deums wafted
 On spiritual wing ;
 So love and friendship all glad sounds intoning,
 Breathe magic words of tender, sacred meaning,
 Which in my heart e'er sing.

*Under the Pines at the Lake. East Milton, October 23, 1877.
 Published in "Boston Woman's Journal," December 4, 1877.*

BLIND.

YES, blind ! Is there no balm in Gilead,
 Physician, — healer, —
 To purge these eyes of heaven's cerulean blue,
 Eyes of serenest, purest, heavenly grace ?
 Feature angelic, reader of the soul,
 Sparkling with love for the integral race.

'Twas not thy burden from thy natal day,
 Afflicted mortal, —
 Thou lived'st to know that vernal skies were fair,
 And earth so beauteous in her robes of green,
 That thou would'st fain have revelled to more
 length,
 In beauties multiform and glorious-hued.
 Alas ! the wreck of thy once visual strength.

But, hark ! there is true balm in Gilead ;
 Take hope, bereaved one, —
 The Saviour comes with healing in His wings,
 Says, "come to Me, find in My breast repose ;"

Blest in His holy love all earthly pain shall cease,
Pæans shall well from hearts; loud let the
welkin ring!
Peace for the weary soul, — blissful, celestial
peace, —
Loud the angelic host “Glory to God,” — shall
sing,
Triumph of Heaven o’er earth.

Published in “Cambridge Chronicle,” February 13, 1864.

LINES

SUGGESTED ON SEEING THE BUST OF A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG
LADY — A CHOICE BIT OF ART, EXECUTED BY HENRY
DEXTER.

SYMMETRY evolved from chaos, —
See the sculptured beauty gleam, —
Loveliness encased in marble,
Rich with nature’s graces teem.

Matchless charms in art embodied, —
Contour, feature exquisite, —
All proclaim that rife with genius
Is the artist infinite,

’Could so delicately chisel
Form thus fair from marble cold,
Choice endowments all will grant thee,
Gifted Dexter — Artist-soul!

Published in “Cambridge Chronicle,” March, 1864.

SHOULD you ask me whence this rhythm,
Whence this facinating rhythm,
Whence this rhythm famed in story
Of a poet old in glory,
I should answer, I should tell you,
That 'tis borrowed from Longfellow,
Of the lovely Minnehaha
And the manly Hiawatha.

I have nought that's rare to tell you
Of the life we're daily leading;
Nature is so fair and lovely,
I would fain be roaming alway
With no thought for else than beauty.
Well for us, perhaps, that Duty
Shows us that our brilliant castles
In the pleasant air of dreamland,
Need some strong and sure foundation,
Need a solid, prose foundation
To our poem-loving natures.
Though I always am insisting
There is poetry in Duty
To the heart that earnest seeks it.
And I mind me, how the poet
Said "the world is full of beauty,
And if all should do their duty,
It might e'en be full of love."

MY OLD HOME.

SWEET Home, — that blessed, happy spot, —
A flood of retrospections
Steals o'er my sense ; at that dear name
What tender recollections,—

Father and mother, sisters all,
Our brother too, — O never
Let other loves, however dear,
Those fond affections sever.

Published in "Cambridge Chronicle," 1870.

SCHOOL BOOKS.

TREASURED volumes, — grateful tributes
Well from hearts at sight of thee ;
Wisdom written o'er thy pages
Proves in life its verity.

Cambridge, 1864.

SUNRISE.

FROM a sea of liquid beauty
See the Sun, so dazzling fair,
Trend its Western course majestic,
Soaring loftily in air.

Lo ! it disappears a moment,
Cumuli absorb from view ;
Fresh it breaks upon the vision,
Brilliant in its phase anew.

O'er the world which now libations
At the shrine of Somnus pours,
Phœbus sheds his beams resplendent,
Stately, grandly, upward soars.

Orizons of worship, Father, —
Choral praise to Thee we sing,
While with anthems of rejoicing
Glad the joyful earth shall ring.

Published in "Cambridge Chronicle," October 15, 1864.

EARLY MORNING.

I KNOW not, rustling in the trees
The Spring in magic music spoke,
From dreams inexplicably sweet,
I fresh and bright to-day awoke.
In golden splendor dawns the morn,
Bursts on my sight the glory bright,
Yet might I slumber, while I sing,
My heart is pure as Heaven's light.

Fall again in gentle showers
 Whatever ripples in my breast,
 Lofty love in songsters' bowers
 Find I in united joys.
 So the swan, who, graceful — arching,
 Sails o'er waters blue, in curves,
 And in wavy, glassy surface
 Sees the Heaven with studs of stars.

THE NEW YEAR.

WHO knocks so boldly at the door,
 With a kindly face so bright?
 'Tis no unwelcome visitor,
 For his pathway's crowned with light.

'Tis the merry Happy New Year, —
 A laughing and joyous youth,
 Whose motto is — “Death to the wrong,
 And up with the flag of Truth!”

Not like a usurper he comes,
 Rightfully his is the throne,
 And with blessing and beaming smile,
 The hoary old king is gone.

Does memory recall a page, fraught
 With sorrow in the past year?

Thy radiant face dispels all grief,
And wipes the sad mourner's tear.

Welcome thrice ! thou Happy New Year,—
For thy bounties richly given.
We hail thy gleeful face, as bright
As an angel winged from heaven.

Then with Hope as our anchor still,
And the sister Graces three,
Where'er our lines are cast, we'll try
To fulfil our destiny.

Published in the "Cambridge Chronicle," January 4, 1862.

SNOW FLAKES.

SILENTLY fell, with noiseless speed,
Beautiful snow flakes, — wonderful snow, —
Mantling the earth with a fair, spotless shroud,
From lofty heights, a snowy cloud.

Winter without thee's doubly drear,
Fairy visitor, — feathery snow, —
Stripped of her foliage, nature is bare,
Beautiful poem of the air.

Till, with thy immaculateness
Softly falling, thou fillest the air,

Beautiful, dazzling, bewildering snow,—
Welcome thy advent here below.

Secrets hast thou frozen in thee?
Marvellous snow-flakes, whisper to me,—
Delicate poetry's embalmed in thee,
Heav'n's revelations breathe to me.

Faster and faster fallest thou,
Beauty thou art, and sport thou wilt cause,
Snow-balling, sledding, and boys in high glee,
Sleigh-bells jingling right merrily.

By and by on the naked trees,
Nature, in pure, frozen loveliness,
Glist'ning and sparkling 'neath Sol's warm
beams,
Radiant in crystal dress, gleams.

Published in "Cambridge Chronicle," 1870.

TWILIGHT FANCIES.

SITTING by the window, thoughtful,
Ruminating on the scene,
Steals a hazy mist soft o'er me,
Veils from sense the sunset sheen.

Soft the zephyr cheek caresses,
Wafts the balm which sense enchants,
Pulses bound, the life-blood quickens,—
What can now my bliss enhance?

But a change creeps o'er the landscape, —
Clouds obscure the sky's deep blue,
Haze the moonlight and the starlight,
Clouds of every shape and hue.

E'en a moment; look! behold thou!
See the glimmer of the moon;
Faint, but soft and silvery moonlight, —
Fleecy clouds dissolve so soon.

Quicker now they sunder widely,
Bursts the moon upon the sight,
Guide the wandering pilgrim, — guard him,
Silent watcher of the night.

Thus 'twill be in life's long journey,
Clouds will gather thick and fast;
Look above for hope and comfort, —
And the night will soon be past.

Faint not mortal, strength beseech thou,
Prayer will ne'er be heard in vain.
Then look up, — whence comes the daylight,
Mantling joy o'er all the plain?

Faith is victor in the conflict,
Sheds her holy radiance round,
Bids us pæans of rejoicing
Through the happy valley sound.

Lo ! my muse now quite deserts me, —
Fades entire the twilight gleam ;
All serene the starry portal,
And my mist is but a dream.

Published in "Cambridge Chronicle," 1863.

VISIONS.

LOUD swells fantastic harmony,
Echo the valleys tuneful,
Odd whims, caprice of vapory sounds,
Strange visions fanciful.

These incantations magical
Suspend our spirit-essence
In heights aerial, lofty, bright,
Exhaling heav'nly incense.

Fain we'd soar on in blessèd realms,
But regions beatific
Elude our flight ; we must return
To earth, in mood pacific.

As summer clouds dissolve in mist,
So fade our visions blissful ;
But faith sustains our wav'ring sight,
Making us calmly hopeful.

Published in " Cambridge Chronicle," August 22, 1866.

GOD'S MESSENGER.

I SAT by an open window,
As the shadows began to fall,
Wondering whether this life of ours
Was worth the living at all, —

Trying to see if the pleasures
O'erbalanced in any way
The pain, the sorrow and heartache,
That come to us every day.

I sat till the stars came peeping
From their hiding place in the sky,
And I wished I had wings just then,
To another world to fly.

And a bird sang out in the darkness,
So near that I felt afraid ;
It seemed like a loud voice, saying
" All things by God were made."

If never a weed existed,
Should we love so dearly the flowers?
And say, — should we value the sunshine,
Had we never been under the showers?

And so if we had no sorrow,
Could we know when our joy to prize?
If we never had tasted the bitter,
The sweet could we recognize?

If there were no deeds of kindness,
If there were no acts of love,
Should we know what was meant by Heaven,
When we speak of the world above?

'Twas silent again in the darkness,
And the bird had flown to its nest,
But another penitent heart was made,
Before it had gone to rest.

PROPHETIC IMPULSES BEFORE DEATH.

FAIN would I live, to live with thee,
But oft I feel 't is not to be;
A still voice in my inmost sense
Whispers, "I soon must go from hence."

Earth-life is sweet when blest with love,
But sweeter far the joys above ;
Pain weans our thoughts from things of sense,
And makes us willing to go hence.

Our parting, love, will be but brief,
Then school thyself to check thy grief, —
For oh ! it breaks this heart of mine
To see such sorrow weighing thine.

Earth-love will bloom in spirit-love ;
The buds of hope so cherished here
Will blossom wondrous beautiful,
When realized in that bright sphere.

Patient I'll wait thy coming there,
Ah, boundless bliss ! what ecstasy !
When we this glad fruition reap, —
The joy of immortality.

Published in "Cambridge Chronicle," 1870.

FOUR-SCORE.

TO C. R. D.

WHAT can I say of one whose feet have pressed
So far beyond me on life's trodden way
That shall not seem presumptuous at the best ?
What is there left for any one to say

That the long epic of his eighty years
Has not said first and better? For his ears,
 The past hath songs no other understands;
 And pleasant memories of many lands
Make noon-day brightness in his evening time.
 Varied the childhood, full the youth he knew;
 One of the here and there remaining few
Who, in their early manhood's golden prime
 Saw, beyond Belgian hills, the sun go down
On a red field with brave dead covered o'er,—
 That field which cost a conqueror his crown,
And crowned a great man conqueror once more.

Life is a battle we must all win through
 In one wise or another; and the man
 Whose days approach so near a century's span,
Fights many a fiercer field than Waterloo.
 Then well for each, who, at the close of day,
 Weary and wounded, ceasing from the fray,
Haply finds some to say, as we of him, —
“Though he come forth white-haired, with eye-
 sight dim,
 Who entered in the bloom and strength of life,
 Victory is his, in that, throughout the strife,
He bore him bravely, and kept undefiled,
The simple, trusting spirit of a child.”

Milton, March 30, 1878.

SPRING NOTES.



SPRING NOTES.

SPRING BIRDS.

POUR out glad songs ! let harmony
Echo from hill, through dale and glen !
Sweet warblers, — strains of melody
Suffuse through the haunts of men.

Melodious accents — song sublime,
Thrilling the tuneful soul of man !
Ah ! music, — offspring pure, divine,
Of holy love in heaven's full plan.

Fair harbingers of Spring's delights, —
We welcome thee from summer climes.
Enchant us with thy floods of song, —
Gladden the land with mellow chimes !

Thy utt'rance who can e'er resist ?
To me ineffable is aught
Thy spell weaves subtly o'er the soul ;
Ah ! more than precepts wise are taught,

When music's incantation charms
The finer senses into play ;
Refines the motive power, restrains
Each impulse, half-inclined to stray.

Sing on, — sweet seraphs of the woods, —
Warble, ye songsters, love's fond lays, —
Till Heaven's harps catch the glad refrain,
And hosts angelic chant His praise.

Birds of the Spring, your notes prolong, —
And sylvan nymphs augment the choir,
Shedding an occult effluence 'round,
Till e'en Apollo " strikes the lyre."

Published in " Cambridge Chronicle," March 12, 1864.

SPRING LIFE.

SIMPLY to live in the sunshine,
Only to bathe in the Spring
And glow of the fresh, balmy breezes,
With song of the birds on the wing.

Living with love in the sunshine,
This bright, beauteous day of the Spring,
My heart feels the sweetest contentment,
And glad, happy lays fain would sing.

Life glides through days chill and wintry,
And buddeth afresh in the Spring,
In gardens of love and of beauty
It soareth on light, airy wing.

So rhymes my heart to sweet music,
The gay, happy warblers e'er sing,
And love feels the measure poetic
That floodeth the bowers in the Spring.

Published in "Woman's Journal," June 10, 1877.

SONG OF SPRING.

WHISPER baby "Innocent,"
Dotting the greenery o'er;
Art thou not smiling to heaven,
Thou darling little flower?

Tell me, tiny "Innocent,"
Dost thou not daintily sup
On the twilight's crystal dew
From the golden buttercup?

Tender, blue Forget-me-not,
Sister in beauty as sweet,
Live thy glad poem of Spring,—
E'er thee we lovingly greet.

LOVE IN SPRING-TIME.

WHY beats my heart gaily
This blessed Spring day?
Why throbs all its pulses
Like love in its May?

A scene of rare beauty
Is flooding each sense.
Love's hand I am clasping
With rapture intense,

While roaming with Nature
This bright wondrous day,
And eagerly culling
The flowers of the May,

The gay, yellow cowslips,
Anemone fair,
And violets fragrant
Perfuming the air.

TRAILING ARBUTUS.

GRACEFULLY through the greenery
The vine traileth on in the grove.
I gathered the dainty blossoms
To give with my heart to my love.

For oh ! she was fair, my darling,
My beautiful, bright, wondrous flower,
And fresh as these fairy May petals
I culled for my sweet lady's bower.

But when the glad time had fled,
Those flowery, happy Spring days,
My love bloomed in heaven's own gardens;
From my joys she faded away.

So our life, like this wondrous flower
Windeth on — in gladness and pain.
Who can tell which is best for our heart-life
Could we choose the years again ?

Published in "Meteor," March 31, 1879.

SONNETS.

SONNETS.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

MONARCH of Art! thou with gigantic throes
Of thy sublimest thoughts, hast given the
world,—
Like mighty thunderbolts at Jove's hand
hurled,—
Majestic utt'rance which from marble rose.
Colossus in the realms of lofty art!
A Moses breathes beneath thy chisel grand.
Lo! in the chapel, magic brush in hand,
The awful judgment fills thy mind and heart
With grandeur and with horrors intricate.
Thou, King in Architecture, didst create
A monument of rare magnificence.
A Poet, — thou divin'st of love the sense.
Diamonds of thought gleam in thy poesy,
Flashing thy visions of sublimity.

February, 1879.

SHAKSPEARE.

EMBODIMENT of poesy sublime!—

Most rev'rently I twine a wreath for thee
Of thoughts and aspirations breathed in me
By sweet reflection on thy myriad mind.

Spirit so dazzling! I would fain disturb
Thy dreams immortal with this wreath to crown;
But by thy genius awed, I bow me down

In admiration of thy gifts superb.
A laurel wreath of homage and of love
I send in fancy to thy throne above.

Thy beatific visions, as we con,
By tragic and by comic muse inspired,
Move us to sweep exultingly the lyre,
And sing the boundless fame thy name has won.

January, 1879.

GOETHE.

HE stormeth all the passions for his song,
His empire was all thought; his vivid mind
Dominion sought where'er his pen could find
Impassioned grace and beauty men among.

Thoughts of poetic vastness were the keys
Wherewith he science' treasure-house revealed.
The book of Nature was to him unsealed.

He revelled in her wealth, and quickly seized

A harvest rich of flowers and poetry,
While delving in her vast profundity.

He counted the grotesque, he loved the weird,
His wit with fancies luminous was sown.
While passion sings a potent undertone,
The strain wails through the music as we read.

February, 1879.

LONGFELLOW.

A NATION'S love salutes the poet-soul
Whose songs are household pearls, whose
thoughts are flowers
That bathe the earth with fragrant, tuneful
showers.

The world becomes one grand harmonious whole
As mutual love gives kinship sweet to heart,
Making us one in love and purpose blent.
Invisible, intangible this link,
This subtle essence of the immortal past.

How dear the bard whose magic influence
Reveals us to ourselves in fullest sense!
A grateful country burns sweet incense round
The name of him whose presence is a benediction
to all thought,
Whose simplest word all impulse doth transmute
To purest aspiration for the ideal.

Published in "Boston Transcript," 1878.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

HE strikes the chords upon the harp of life,
And inner light he wakes to consciousness,
Bathed in the air of loving blessedness.
A psalm of faith his life contemplative —
The lover's ardor keen inspires his muse
To sing of Nature ; so has Wordsworth sung
Of happiness her woods and hills among.
And ye, — O poets twain, — your love infused
To lead the deaf, prosaic hearts of men
Back to Dame Nature's spiritual ken.
When he with fervor swept the patriot's lyre,
His lyrics stirred the soul's heroic fire.
Cherished our Quaker-poet's fame will be
Within this home of Freedom sacredly.

February, 1879.

WORDSWORTH.

WHEN I reflect upon the wondrous mind,
The wealth of thought and happy imagery,
How much of grandeur and of harmony
In life's intensity we with thee find !
How through thy love of nature and of man,
Thy poet-instinct, thy benignant soul,
Thy reverent insight in creation's whole,
Thou mak'st of life a revelation grand !

I think to write a sonnet in thy praise.
As oft I've conned thy sober verse and bright,
Embodying of nature every phase,
So oft thou flashest on my inner sight
Thine artist-presence,—semblance of a dream,—
And yet as loving as a warm day-beam.

December, 1878.

PERCY BYSCHE SHELLEY.

POET OF NATURE AND IMAGINATION.

KEEN thine artist vision, Shelley, poet, —
Nature's ardent forces magnetizing,
All her powers vocal melodizing,
Gifted necromancer, picture-poet, —
Passionating all thy sights and insights
By thy tow'ring Genius' potent magic, —
How thou interfusest all the tragic
Of thy fiery nature into soul-flights !
Mind and fancy soaring on bright pinions
Into far Utopian dominions, —
Grandeur intellectual thine offspring, —
Imagery Promethean, alluring
Thy prophetic star to dreams Elysian, —
Was it not a consecrated vision ?

December, 1878.

PERCY BYSCHE SHELLEY.

POET OF LOVE AND FANCY.

THE Poet's poet with thy melody, —
 Thou art a spirit dwelling far above,
 Where essences ethereal do move,
 That gently fan the poet's fervency
 To picturesque and glowing fantasy.
 A rare love-dream, again a brilliant thought
 Are ever with thy lofty flights inwrought.
 Anon a wonderful sweet harmony
 Lulls dreamy listeners to thy Genius' song
 Into enchanted sleep ; we float along
 Over the wave, spell-bound ; the siren strain
 Echoes in gentle murmurs thy refrain.
 'Mid this poetic, dazzling ecstasy
 We love, and live a dream, — Intensity.

1878.

JOHN KEATS.

PICTORIAL webs, — O Poet, — thou hast woven,
 Rare picturesqueness, thou, — O Limner, —
 wrought
 From thine impassioned sense and soul of art.
 Nature to thee has wondrous fancies given ;
 Poesy, beauty, fill thy highest heaven.
 With Mercury thou strik'st the trem'lous lyre,
 And soaring, catch the proud Olympic fire,

Weaving enchantments, for which vain have
 striven
 The Muses' vot'ries toiling quick to climb
 Parnassus' jagged slopes.

A luxury

And wealth of grace lurks in thy brilliancy,
 Dazzling the pictures of thy gorgeous rhyme.
 Had time but blossomed this imperial flower!
 Genius,—why tarry thou but a fleeting hour?

1878.

MRS. E. B. BROWNING.

WOMAN intense, and poet exquisite
 In all the glowing realms of ideal art, —
 Whose lyre-strains sweet and solemn move the
 heart
 To recognition of the grandeur infinite
 Of soul-life, love-life, which thy wand endues
 With meaning magical.

Poetic ken

Oft vibrates to the fervent sense of men
 Some wondrous melodies, the Parnassian muse
 Has wrought so lightly on her harp divine;
 It only falls upon the poet's ear.
 Such is the mission of thy rhythmic life,
 Thou poet-mediator, loving mind, —
 To touch thy lute-strings that we all may hear
 Glad tidings from the grander spirit-life.

1878.

ROBERT BROWNING.

TITANIC vagueness! Poet for the few!
What is a poet? A poet's mission?
What does he see? His wonderful vision,
Probing the old for quick'ning of the new,
Pierces the realms of full-orbed mightiness.
What thine intent, fledgling of mystery?
Thou look'st on life and all its secresy,
Delving in love, its bliss, its sacredness,
Culling a blossom here, a flower there,
Breathing a fancy to the circling air,
And gathering all for pictures, in thy verse.
Too few thy rays of sunshine, — shadows dark
Fall on our souls as we thy thoughts rehearse;
Rare sings a happy orizon thy lark.

January, 1879.

THE BROWNING-POETS.

A MYSTIC union, — two impassioned souls, —
Poetic marriage, — love idealized,
In passion's purity anew baptized,
Of two rare beings formed a perfect whole.
Venus, — the Muses, lurking hand in hand,
Have wrought a wondrous idyl for our verse;
Two poets shall their sweet love-tales rehearse,
And *live* a poem in a dream so grand.

Her graceful rhyme has touched his sterner heart,
And ideal happiness we glimpse on earth
In this mysterious, poetic birth.
His moon of poets no more sings apart;
But what sad sweetness must this life exhale,—
Is earth for him more than a lonely vale?

February, 1879.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

THE giant mind poured from its boundless wealth
A multitude of thoughts and images
Reflected from the lore of ancient sages,
And garnered from thine own rich mental breath.
Thou alchemist,—transmuting vastnesses
By thy poetic, thy magician's wand,
And the fond touch of thy skilled, mighty hand
Which ne'er was daunted by stupendousness.
Into such beauty and such grace of thought
We feel that to thy crucible were brought
Gifts, to inflame thine ardent, innate fire,
From every Muse that sweeps the magic lyre,
Making thee great in thine intensity,
And towering in thy thought-majesty.

December, 1878.

TO CELIA THAXTER.

I READ thy graceful and melodious verse
To find the earnest woman underneath.
Thy poet-thought doth tender music breathe,
Like notes in which the birds their loves rehearse.
I catch aroma of the wild flower bright,
Which from thy verse such perfumes rich exhale.
Thy sea-girt isle wafts not a balmier gale
Than that which brings the melody and light
Of thy heart-life, which I so gladly trace
In the sweet measure and the rhythmic grace
Of thy poetic thought.

I eager list
And sense the murmur of the dashing sea.
Its pathos is a messenger to me
From thy rare spirit, through the twilight mist.

Published in "Boston Transcript," July 28, 1877.

TO LUCY LARCOM.

LOVINGLY mem'ry wanders o'er past days,
Thinking of many pleasant, happy hours
When thou didst gather with poetic flowers
Rarest exotics, sweet and tender lays,
To gladden and enrich our happiness.
Truly thy presence and thy poet-loves
Wove a bright web into life's sober prose,
As graceful lily, violet and rose

Whisper sweet tales of fairest lands above,—
 A perfect fairy world of loveliness.
 We learned to read with thy poetic eyes
 What thy glad genius did interpret wise.
 But what's the secret of thy poetry?
 Whence all thy bright and rhythmic imagery?

1878.

TO HENRY DEXTER.

WRITTEN IN RESPONSE TO MR. DEXTER'S POETICAL ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF VERSES (SIGNED *) SUGGESTED BY ONE OF HIS SUPERIOR WORKS OF ART—A MARBLE BUST.

IN heaven's blue firmament, ethereal film,
 My feeble light content I've been to shine,
 Nor dared to hope 'mid talent's galaxy
 To win one jewel for a crown of time.
 Thy plaudits delicate,—O genius bright,—
 Such sustenance as poets oft do crave,
 And in this world of substance seek in vain
 Gave to my soul, and did most gently lave
 And soothe my sense, my circlet e'en distend,
 As with it softly thy tiara-gift did blend,
 My tiny offering at thine artist-shrine,
 A jet of pure delight at sight of grace.
 While subtile thrills of joy from this arose,
 The recognition kind thy poet's hand did trace.

Published in "Cambridge Chronicle," March 28, 1864.

EUTERPE.

DIM was my sight, while surged the waves of sound
In billowy freshness on the listening ear.

'T was neither thought nor feeling hovered near,
But e'en a sense transported from all sound

Within a vapor; an aerial wing
Wafted soft breezes which had been baptized
In sweetness and beauty of Paradise.

The ether of the gods is vibrating;
Or is 't a messenger from fairy land?

Or echoes from the lyre of Mercury
Which he has quickened with immortal wand?

They call it Music, this glad mystery,—
Yet I must feel that some rare spirit's smile
Is rippling tunefully in air the while.

1879. Published in "*Boston Transcript*."

BRAHM'S SECOND SYMPHONY IN D,
OPUS 73.

NEBULOUS cloudland! I pine for beauty, color,
form,

And all that classic substance gives to thought.

Touches of feeling shade upon the ear,

Subtly and sweetly steals the melody;

Then sobs the tremulous *Adagio*,

Refined to delicate, sweet tenderness.

Allegretto.

Is this an ecstasy of rhythmic grace,
A torrent of emotions exquisite?
Reaching in *Allegro* a climax schön,
Impassioned whirlwind of vivacity,
Fantastic shapes of sound and harmony,
A quiet tale of ideal happiness;
Again an outburst of wild gaiety
Engulfs the thoughts' excited overflow.

Boston Music Hall, Harvard Symphony Concert, February 27, 1879.

MOUNTED.

SUGGESTED BY PICTURE OF GEN. W. W. B. AND HIS STEED

"DIXIE."

THE gallant General on his fiery steed
Dashes along. What does he glimpse afar?
Would he fain hear the signal for the war?
Eager for some heroic, daring deed?
Ah, no! methinks he's but on pleasure bent;
No martial thoughts ruffle his brow serene,
The welcome breeze gives freshness to his mien.
Senses the steed the master's gay intent,
And prances on, seeming to spurn the ground;
We feel the thrill of the magnetic chord

By which the horse and rider brave are bound.

Anon, as manly as he wields the sword,
With thought and pen in service of the law
He cudgels friends and foes in figurative war.

Boston, February, 1879.

THE CONFLICT.

IMPATIENCE avaunt! I call to my aid
Thy rival Patience. Ha! thou look'st dismayed,
And well thou may'st, for hast not thou essayed,
Nay, more,—for many a day, my passions swayed
And steeped full oft in thy most potent drug;
My sense with false caress thou didst most
closely hug.

What would'st thou more? To vanquish full my
soul?

Thou shalt not, traitor, vacillate my will,
That it shall bow obsequiously, and mould
Its pith to tyrants,—but the right fulfil.
Goodness of heart is earnest pledge of strength;
Virtue gives power; vice its unwieldy length
Drags slowly from the vantage ground, relucts
to yield,
And e'en when scorned, contemned, turns eyes
askance the field.

THE ROSE.

I WATCH the creamy petals fade away,
And think of one who brought the bud to me.
The sun glides swift below the Western bound;
The twilight sheds a witchery around;
The perfume of the flower enchantment throws;
The dainty loveliness of this sweet rose
Floods all my sense with exquisite delight,
And conjures up a panorama bright.
How friendship prizes these sweet links of love!
The leaflets fade — our friends must pass above.
But fading is not sadly typical.
The tangible becomes intangible,
And friendship budding in this earthly day
Will blossom in our immortality.

FRIENDSHIP.

YES! we write our lives deep on the sands of time,
But far deeper yet in the hearts of our friends.
We smile with them, talk with them, say them
good-bye,
And hug the affection they leave as we part.
Our friendship but fragmentary may be, 'tis true,
But precious, if brief, this exchange of good-will,
Of spirit-life, heart-life, with both at our best,
And the soul talks with soul, though the lips oft
may jest.

You may earnestly talk of the love that you feel,
But your face is more eloquent, friend, than your
words.

You're the beautiful poem I love best to read,
The thoughts your face tell-tales, I only would
heed.

Your eyes are the touchstone that quickens each
sense ;

Your love is the magnet that captive me holds.

Published in "Cambridge Press," January 8, 1876.

AND what do we mean by true friendship?
The heart-thrill responding to heart-throb ;
Soul echoing soul's ardent longings
For happiness this world vouchsafes not.
If fair seem our dear earthly friendships,
If sweet are these friendly communions,
Where thought quickens thought in each other,
Makes life here a bright joyous Eden,
Rejoicing each one in his friend's joy,
And grieving when sorrow o'ertakes him ;
Ah! think of the blissful hereafter,
When true life will strengthen these friendships,
And our exquisite aspirations
Shall flower in loveliest blossom.

Published in "Cambridge Press."

A DREAM.

I DREAMED of thee, last night, my dearest friend ;
The picture long will in my mem'ry dwell.
Thou by unjust decree wast doomed to die,
 While I, a frantic witness of thy fate
 This awful consummation must await.
I sat as one in trance, and saw approach
The dreaded executioner. Then thou, —
Mine idol, — thou so wildly loved, —
Didst follow close upon his hated tread.
I saw the struggle in thy soulful face,
And knew thy loving heart with anguish rent.
I could not live without thy sheltering love,
And flew to share this cruel death with thee,
Then woke to find the horror all a dream.

Published in "Cambridge Press," January 1, 1876.

A THOUGHT.

My love doth day and night encompass thee.
My thoughts do shape themselves to fervent
 prayers
Breathed for the loved one's safety, wheresoe'er
Stern duty calls him far from love and me.
Whether the future sad or joyous be,
Whether the birds exultingly shall sing
Down in my heart, and joy and gladness bring,

Or grieve must I at life's intensity,
Yet e'er I'll know that I have had this love.
Such rare delight, — foretaste of bliss above, —
Tears, when I think of thee? No, ever smiles
Chase them away as happy dreams beguile
My loving fancy to take airy flight,
And weave a radiant future-picture bright.

ON THE BEACH.

SUGGESTED BY ERNEST LONGFELLOW'S PAINTING.

Two figures pacing up and down the strand,
Two hearts that beat as one, as loiteringly
They wander on, while ebbs the sluggish tide,
Thinking, when side by side their days will
glide,
How tenderness will bless their pilgrimage.
Affection lightens life of dreary care,
As lovingly they mutual burdens bear.
Life is idealized in love's young dream,
Which casts a brilliant halo round their days,
So that they glimpse e'en here a Paradise.
A touch, a glance, a thrill, 't was all ; and yet
This mystic language eloquently chords
With love's emotion, as with tearful gaze
She reads, "Dearest, thou 'rt all the world to me."

Published in "Cambridge Chronicle," January 11, 1876.

AT THE OCEAN.

HAPPINESS — Love — is there no other word
To tell this wondrous life now dawns on me ?
A bliss, a rapture, aye, an ecstasy
Sing sweeter songs than mortal ever heard.
Idyls of love — a radiant inner glow
Suffuses life. Divinest harmony
Strikes the key-note of my heart-symphony,
Which surges like the ocean's ebb and flow,
Grandly, tumultuously, triumphantly.
Eager I catch the rippling melody,
Quick to interpret softest murmurings,
And sense the sweet and tender whisperings
Which love has sped across the ocean's foam.
Zephyrs are harbingers when lovers roam.

THE throbbing spirit urges ever — write, —
How can I this great love externalize ?
How can I tell the story for strange eyes
To glance at carelessly, when day and night
I feed this mystic flame of holy light
With waves of boundless love, with smiles and
tears?
Dear love,— thou mirror of my hopes and fears,—
Glad omens of our happy future bright
I find in nature's beauty ; every tree
And flower, aye, every singing wave

Better interpret my heart's melody,
Than words can give this sacred song expression.
Ah ! who would voice the heart-life's full con-
fession ?

I would this wondrous Idyl's secret save.

WHAT will I do, you ask, when you're no more ?
What will I say when you have kissed and gone ?
Darling — I shall not live to weep and mourn ;
I am no Spartan matron ; that she bore
Dazzles me not ; I live for love and thee.
I care not for earth's honors, smiles and gold,
If one I love is lying still and cold.

What will the rarest pastime be to me ?
Can I not win thee back to love and health ?
Can I not lavish all this untold wealth
Of the heart's best affection ? If not so,
And all I love on earth must lie so low,
I'll pray for death to keep me still thy bride,
And smile in sweet contentment at thy side.

THE widowed Indian braves the funeral pile,
And dies — aye — blissfully, her lover near.
I should forget the dread, thy voice to hear ;
I could not see the flames, should'st thou but smile.
The thought that thou wert near me all the while

Would exorcise the torture and the fear.
Ah! without thee, how dark the days — how drear
The future which thy love did not beguile!
Lift me to thy pure, spiritual height,
That I may grow e'en fairer in thy sight.
Aspiring ever to be worthier thee,
I find on earth an Immortality,
A presage of the higher happiness
Divinely-sanctioned, powerful to bless.

A POET seized his lute to sing his love,—
He deemed no lyric fitly could rehearse
The loveliness, the beauty which his verse
Would quick reflect, e'en as his fancy wove.
Petrarch and Spenser,—theirs were feeble
flames
When seen from his impassioned, ardent height;
They fashioned rhymes with beauteous tissues
bright.
Other grand poets, too, had lofty aims
In their love-verse; but all were fancies dim
When he essayed a song,— a rare love-hymn.
His loving secret he would whisper fain
Till angels list and catch the happy strain;
Then back again the echoes come on wings,—
A happy prophecy the seraph sings.

I READ it in thy tender, anxious words
That thou wouldst grieve were I to pass before
Thee — say good-bye — through the celestial
door.

But, dearest, since those loving words I heard,
My spirit has been quickened to new birth,
My life renewed, and deep affection's bonds
Exhilarated by this pressure fond,
And I would gladly tarry on the earth.
My heart, a prisoner longer in the thrall
Of thy love-tenure, lifts itself to thee.
Look at me — so — and love me, that is all
That saves me, with thy kiss, from vanity
Of hoping my great pain would soon be o'er,
And I could love thee on the brighter shore.

LOVE.

How do I love thee?
Each thought is steeped in tenderness for thee;
Each breath but drawn to give me strength to love
And live for thee, beloved,—
Each aspiration but to make me pure
For thee, my loved one, who art all to me;
To love is life, and 't is to love we live.
'T is bliss for me when I but see thy face;
And when thou 'rt absent, life would be a blank,
Were 't not for thought which revels in thy love.

I fear and tremble oft lest thou lov'st not
As I do ; yet I cannot tell thee all
I feel for thee. Eternity alone
Can sanction this great love of my fond heart.

ANGUISH.

ALAS ! in bitter thought I 'm steeped, and dazed,
When I think thou canst ne'er be all mine own.
I cannot love thee more than for thee die.
Would she whom thou wilt wed do more for thee ?
My heart must feed in secret on this love,
Which thou must not mistrust by word or deed.
I 'll take thee and thy fair bride by the hand
Thy nuptial hour, and gaily wish thee bliss.
She 's young and fair, and loves thee in her pride,
May she be all to thee, thy bonny bride.
May you ne'er miss in her sweet idyl-life
The tenderness of thy *once* betrothed wife.
I 'll bid my poor heart to suppress its moan.
'T was all a dream. The waking, will it come ?

JOY.

NOT wed her ? Not love her ? Be still my heart !
Canst thou not bear this sudden happiness ?
A passing fancy ? And he loves me still ?
Break forth my heart in peals of frantic joy !
But can I trust him ? Peace, thou doubting heart !

I'll have no murmurs, no reproach, but love
To flood him with its warm ecstatic glow.
He e'er shall find, my love for him so true
Grows with the years, and strengthens with my
 strength,
Circling him 'round with its great earnestness,
Making an Eden of this world so fair.
He comes, my love,— to find me all his own.
He ne'er shall know my mood of dark despair.
'Twas all a dream,— now comes the waking fair.

Published in "Cambridge Press," December 4, 1875.

THE BETROTHAL.

THE magic of thy voice, thy loving glance,
Thy bright and happy presence are the spells
That to my waiting spirit music tells,
That every pulse within me seems to dance,
As spray on wavelets. When I look on thee,
And think upon our sweetly-plighted vows,
My heart in reverent homage lowly bows,
Reechoing blissfully thy love for me.
My life dates only from that glad, sweet hour
When I could call thee friend; the years before
Are but cloud-mists of days succeeding days.
Nor thought nor wish to penetrate the haze
Has mem'ry; for the joyful, present time
Seems a bright idyl lived in happy days.

Published in "Boston Transcript," April 27, 1878.

A TWILIGHT ramble ! When the soul with soul,
As thought with thought communing, feels the
touch

Of gentle spirit-zephyrs, teeming full
Of choice ambrosia for our waiting sense.
The glory of the sunset's afterglow
Responds to all this longing of our hearts,
Presaging glimpses of the "Bright Beyond,"
Vistas whose mystery 't were vain to probe.
These rapture-moments find us at our best ;
These hours æsthetic each to each reveal
The wealth which friendship gives congenial
hearts.

This torture exquisite, — this longed-for boon, —
What is this ardent longing which I feel ?
That, dearest, thou wilt love me evermore.

WHEN do I think of thee ?
When morning's rosy fingers rend the veil
That clouds our sense in mystery profound.
As day wings blithely on her joyous flight,
Time but intensifies sweet thoughts of thee,
And as the day-star sinks 'mid radiant clouds,
My thought concentrates all in one great throb
For thee, my loved one, and for only thee.
'Tis my life's poetry, this dream of thee ;
Without it life were but existence drear.

But now its fulness is ineffable,
So thrilled am I with love's intensity.
Thou'rt omnipresent, if I wake or sleep.
Ah! when do I think not of thee, my life?

Published in "Cambridge Press," December 18, 1875.

MY LOVE.

I NEED no spoken message of thy love,
For 'tis so sweetly written in my life.
Whate'er the grief or pain this mortal strife
Shall weave for me, its sting shall fail to move
My trusting heart, which ever looks above
For strength and comfort for itself and thee.
A dream will bring my absent friend to me.
A faith in our affection's pledge of love
Mirrors thy truth to my devotedness,
Foreshadowing our radiant happiness.
I'll steep my soul in beauty, hope and love,
That from me thou mayst such a welcome win,
That thou shalt feel the Paradise above
The loving depths of thy glad heart within.

TO MY LOVE.

Go blushing rose and modest violet sweet,
Go tripping with your noiseless fairy feet,
And tell my darling, from these blossoms fair
My love exhales. Yes—let these petals rare
Breathe such a tale of love from this fond heart
As beauty ever should of love impart.

So fair this world, so rich, so wonderful,
When love has decked his palâce beautiful
With rose and violet tints, and blended e'en
With countless fairy flowers' lustrous sheen.

Nature reflects in her own loveliness
My simple adoration for the grace
Of my fair sweetheart; she who holds my love
Invokes the truest blessings from above.

THE strokes rang out so loud and clear,
The year had passed, and thou wert here
To keep the vigil, friend, with me.
Hand clasped with wish how happily
The new year thoughts upon us dawned,
As noiselessly the year was born.

Sweetly the midnight chimes peal on, —
Softly, dreamily thought flows on, —
Straying down shadowy vistas, filled
With air-castles which bright fancies build.

Fain would I read thy thoughts, friend, to-
night—

Thy face softly flushed with a luminous light
Responds to the chime bells resounding so clear,
Like the sweet harp æolian full on mine ear.

LIFE'S but the ante-chamber of that grand
Perfection into which our love will bloom,
As blossom flowers indued with rich perfume.
Love is the perfume which the breeze has fanned
Into our hearts, making our life t' expand
And orb its spirit in one soulful tune.
A wondrous harmony doth thus illumine
And poetize and fructify the band
Of hopes and longings sweetly sanctified
By thy bethrothal kiss. Thou first revealed
Me to a happy self. Till then, fast sealed
My deep affections and emotions flow.
Then first I felt this sacred inner glow
Sweep o'er my being— a baptismal tide.

MY boy of twelve,—I've kissed thy roguish face
As imaged in thy picture o'er and o'er.
I love thy childish features more and more
Since thou hast grown to manhood's proud estate.
They speak to me of boyish sports and grace,
Of pleasant years and happy mem'ries past,

When thou to mother's love clung firm and fast.

While now another claims the foremost place
In thy glad heart. And yet 't is ever so ;

The mother tenderly the loved one rears,

Her heart distract 'twixt loving hopes and fears ;
With trembling fondness speeds him, bids him go

To brave the world's vicissitudes and plan

A grand development for noble man.

SISTER.

HER genius was for song, her life a psalm
Of goodness, sweetness to each loving heart
That came within her potent influence.

A word of comfort to the heart bereaved,—

A word of courage to the stricken soul,—

A happy counsel to the doubting one,—

These, with a smile of quiet thoughtfulness,

She gave as freely as she lavished song.

Art was to her a sacred gift, divine,

The inner radiance of th' illumined soul.

With heartfelt love and joy she gave her song

To consecrate the fervor that impelled

The beauty of her life to voice its high

And glowing aspirations tunefully.

1878.

FRAGMENTARY IMPROVISATION.

It is the twilight hour,—
 The mystery of life steals
 Softly in on flowing tide.

E'en to ourselves we scarcely dare reveal
 Th' inspiring life that oft within us glows.

A heavenly ardor, holy calm we feel,
 A fervent transport of intense repose ;
 Our secret inner life, ah ! who shall sing ?
 It trembles on the spiritual wing of aspiration.

E'en as through rifted clouds the sun we view,
 Our bright ideal of life we glimpse afar ;
 The gracious presence lures us like a star,
 And does our glowing impulses renew.
 We float in dreamy ether blissfully.

September, 1877.

“LIEBE VERFLIEGT IN IHREM EIGNEM ELEMENT; HARMONIE IST IHR ELEMENT.”

Bettinè to Goethe.

THOU only hast the key of my heart, friend,—
 And enter when thou wilt, thou e'er shalt find
 A welcome warm and true. Both heart and mind
 Flow on in sweet accord to the same end
 Of loving thee. All my ambitions tend,
 As clinging ivy 'round the oak-tree twined,
 To thee. My thoughts I e'er in garland wind

For thy glance loving. And dost thou commend
My song, my pencilled sketch, my simple rhyme,
Thy look so glorifies my inner life,
Absorbs my individuality
Into one aspiration for all time,
As makes the love shared in our earthly life,
A prelude of our immortality.

TWILIGHT THOUGHTS.

IN SISTER ELIZA'S MEMORY.

A HALO bright of voiceless melody
Invests the sunset's rich and radiant glow,
While to thee lovingly my thoughts do flow
On wings invisible of harmony.
The deepening shade doth crown a lullaby,
That clouds my sense to all that's tuned below
The heights supernal, whither thought doth flow,
My dear and absent one,—in search of thee.
Dost thou look down from those elysian fields,
And know our loving hearts, sweet sister fair?
The beauty of thy life, fond memory yields
And floods my heart with pictures rich and rare.
Is not the sunset's wondrous imagery
A symbol of thine immortality?

IMMORTALITY.

SUGGESTED BY A SERMON PREACHED BY REV. J. G. BROOKS,
OF BOSTON HIGHLANDS.

THE chiselled marble breathes the soulful life,—
The mind inspired embalmed beneath the stone.
The genius of the master-mind alone
Could warm this sculptured poem into life,
Such glowing fancies are within him rife.
The very essence of intensity,—
A glimpse of blessed immortality,—
A spark of that diviner, higher life
Whence all our grandest inspiration springs.
This “frozen music” which the earnest soul
In fervent, tuneful adoration sings,—
Prelude of that harmonious, perfect whole
Our life will sometime be ; can this live e’er,
And not the mind that fashioned it so fair ?

Published in “ Boston Transcript,” December 23, 1877.

SEA-SHORE.

SEA-SHORE.

LINES

SUGGESTED BY W. E. NORTON'S MARINE PAINTING,
EASTPORT HARBOR.

THE sunset flashed a gleam upon the waves,
A flush that made the canvas all aglow.
So vivid was the ocean-sparkle bright,
It seemed a bit of nature, not an art
And inspiration of the genius-soul.
The clouds roll on; the ship speeds merrily;
Hark to the dash of spray upon the rock!
It cannot be but an illusive sketch.
The water breathes of beauty and of life,
So real the witchery of spray and wave,
And yet 't is but a picture,—passing strange!

While poets mirror forth in graceful verse
The thought that rarely trembles on the tongue,
The artist sings his fancies to the brush
Which crystallizes his most deep intent;
As poet-thoughts exhale sweet music rare,
So throbs an atmosphere in cloud and wave;
E'en nature smiles to greet her fair twin self,
And lo! 't is but a picture,—yet how grand!

Published in "Cambridge Chronicle," February 3, 1877.

AT THE SEA-SHORE.

How dumb the eloquence of man's best speech
Before this symphony of mightiness !
The majesty of sea and sky invoked solemnity.
Spell-bound we sat, and all of human kind
Are hushed by twilight's deepening shade.
Life seems a grand poetic thrill ; man lives
And thinks and loves, but all's subordinate
To deep emotions which throb out a wild,
Tumultuous echo to the heaving sea.
Intensest feeling oft-times like a flood
Well-nigh o'erwhelms us. As the ocean swells
Unceasing from these seething, soulful depths,
I turn to her so quiet at my side.
Her countenance illumined was so bright
She seemed transfigured.
The beauty and the grandeur of the scene
Were mirrored in her glance, transmuted there
By the soft radiance of her inner life.
By agency invisible, her thoughts
Were to my sense unuttered, yet revealed,
And tidal witchery and fairy grace
Of spray which now our rocky seat surrounds,
Were blended in my thoughts with her sweet life,—
Her earnest life that to all good inspires.
So friendship soothes the grand and surging mass,
The soul,—as fast the ebbing tide recedes.

THE SEA-SHELL.

WHILE musing on the beach one day,
A beauteous shell thus whispered me :—
“What wilt thou give if thy sweet love
I win by magic back to thee?”

My heart beat high, I murmured soft :—
“O bring him back, I conjure thee,
And I will give thee half my life,
When my dear love returns to me.”

The tide slow ebbèd ; sad were my thoughts,
My love and I had parted wroth.
Ah ! why will loving hearts thus rend
The ties that tender fancies wrought ?

But hark ! methinks a voice I hear ;
Ah, no ! 't was but the dashing wave
Wooing sweet sounds from pebbly shore.
Music,—a true melodious wave,

Which harmonized my grieving thoughts ;
I breathed a soulful, throbbing prayer :—
“Sweet love, I fain would die for thee ;
Our hasty words did wound me sore.”

I *felt* a presence dimly *seen*,
For blinding tears were falling fast.
‘T was sure a touch, a kiss, a thrill,
My dream of sorrows quickly past.

“We ’ll keep the shell,” he softly said,
“Sweet messenger of love from thee ;
But, dearest,—more than *half* thy life,
I claim thy *life* and *love* for me.”

TO THE OCEAN.

SOFT harmonies and grandeur infinite
Pour like a flood in my receptive soul,
As musing by the gladsome cheery sea,
I open wide my heart to thought and thee.
Sunshine and shadow flit across thy face
In ripples playful, earnest, happy, bright ;
And thus in blissful reverie I muse
Upon the strand. The billows dart and roar,
Echo the waves of feeling in my heart,
And quicken this intensity of thought,
Which love enriches and excites in me.

Kennebunkport.

A SPELL — A SEA IDYL.

My Love and I

Stood at the water's edge.

Glad tales of joy the hurrying eddies brought.

The foamy spray came rippling on the beach
And stirred a happy ripple in our thought.

My Love and I, —

We listened as entranced.

What music more sublime than ocean's roar !

This grand majestic poem, ages old,
Seemed to intensify our love the more.

My Love and I

Sat silent, dreaming o'er

The rhythmic fancies which the billows stirred ;

And then she rhymed to music, sweeter lays
Than any ever trilled by singing bird.

The sea was full, —

The rushing tidal wave

Flowed in upon our happy reverie.

We sauntered home ; the ocean spell remained ;
We'd ne'er dispel this tidal witchery, —

My Love and I.

MUSIC.

MUSIC.

MENDELSSOHN.

ARTIST soul ! embalmed in music,—
Mendelssohn, a gift divine !
Lent, — to bless with his effulgence,
Lent, — emotions to refine.

[The name of Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy has always been to me a synonym for everything beautiful, fervent and inspiring in music.]

Published in "Cambridge Chronicle," August 22, 1866.

REMINISCENCES OF MENDELSSOHN'S OVERTURE TO A "MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM."

'Twas midnight! o'er our senses steal
Soft, witching strains of melody,
As gaily on the greensward turf
The fairies join in revelry.

A glorious background to our dream,
The fair moon beaming brightly,
As tripping light, the elf-shapes whirl
In weird-like measure sprightly.

A mystic dance — Midsummer Eve, —
Ambrosial dew celestial, —
Grateful suffusion of choice sweets,
Around this scene so festal.

The strains enhance in mirthful peal,
The airy welkin ringing,
While sprites, — a bevy gay, — approach,
Their vocal off'rings bringing.

Loud swells fantastic harmony,
Echo the valleys tuneful,
Odd whims, caprice of vapory sounds,
Strange visions fanciful.

SCHUMANN'S SECOND SYMPHONY IN C.

Introduction.

COURAGE and strength it whispered soft to me.
From out the undertone of agony
The bird of hope triumphant soared in air
And carolled joyfully "Hoffnung is there."
So springs exultantly the soul on wings,
No more a wail, but strains of joy she sings.

Scherzo.

Like rushing wind or brook the music pours
Its richness, sweetness on the ear entranced.

Whimsical, whirring, weird, capricious sounds,
 Melody rippling sportive, chasing tone,
 Till breathless we are filled with sparkling joy.

Adagio.

A transformation schön! Pastoral scene,—
 Sunny and peaceful, mid-day in the vale,
 Simply the shepherd voices to his love
 His tale of sweetness; while the distant horn
 Disturbs them not, telling of hunters gay.
 The little lambs are bleating on the hills.
 All nature is in tranquil, happy mood.

Boston Music Hall, Harvard Symphony Concert, January 30, 1879.

HAYDN'S SYMPHONY IN D.

BRILLIANT and jocund, lightly on the ear
 Fell blithesome strains.—
 The air is sparkling with bright melody.
 Anon more slowly, o'er the sense it steals,
 A rapture delicate, a songful web
 Of lustrous harmony, dazzling yet soft.
 Melting so trippingly to minuet,
 It carols merriment in every strain.
 Now comes the climax of rich harmony,
 Exuberance of gaiety, — vivace true.

Boston Music Hall, March 13, 1879.

RAFF'S LENORE SYMPHONY.

THE music spell is on me as I write. —
 The witching Lenore Symphony by Raff.
 Ah! did the Gods on Mount Olympus' height
 More exquisite elixir ever quaff?
 The thrilling story of the fair Lenore
 Would move to grief who never wept before.

Boston Music Hall, Symphony Concert, December 11, 1875.

CORINNE — THE IMPROVISATORE.

DEDICATED TO THERESA C. H.

THINE artist-soul seems to caress the chords
 That breathe the inner life to our glad ken.
 Are spirits talking with thee? Dost thou hear
 What to the soul less subtle is denied?
 Is Ocean whispering intonings grand,
 Interpreting its majesty to thee?
 Do Nature's rustlings in the autumn woods
 Rouse thy fine sense of inner harmonies?
 Tell us, Corinne, — the secret of thy charm.
 Tell us the spell of witchery that weaves
 Such visions bright, in thy blithe, soulful strains,
 Tender or gay, as suits the mood and hour.

Published in "Boston Transcript," December 21, 1877.

EXTRACTS FROM A LETTER.

HAVE heard the great Remenyi since you're gone,
His violin would move a heart of stone.

Delicate, beautiful his moving strain,
Long, memory will hear it o'er again.
Its pathos so like an ethereal wail,
It nearly wrung the heart to hear the tale.
Again a tripping, winsome song of joy
Floated from the strings so tremulously,
He seemed a wizard in his special realm.

Now fairies dance
And witches prance
Over the strings,
Telling strange things
Of wonderland.
Now gone the strain;
Yet quick again
The glad refrain
Falls on our ears.
He's sure inspired
By spirits strange,
Who wildly range,
Playing odd pranks.

* * * * *

And then another pleasure of the week
Was hearing "The Messiah's" Christmas strains.
"I know that my Redeemer lives," rung out

And made me feel how grand it is to know
We are but children of one Father Great,
Who watches o'er us all on land or sea.

MUSIC'S CHILD.

1863. — DAVID ZERRAHN.

BEAUTEOUS babe, — thy smile presaging
Inner grace surpassing sweet. —
Our dear Saviour's choicest blessing
For thy innocence is meet.

Happy childhood, — noblest birthright
That the wish of man may claim.
Winsome childhood, — Blithest season, —
Mirth is fit to be thy aim.

Hush! thy mother fond is touching
The key note of thy sole grief, —
Chords so sweetly, sadly plaintive, —
Thou in tears must find relief.

See those eyes, brightly ethereal,
Welling up with soulful tears, —
Eloquent of love angelic,
Sure preclusion of all fears.

Music's child, — engaging infant, —
Balmy breezes waft thy fate.
Heaven's ambrosia be thy portion,
Perfect thee in man's estate.

Fain would we all sunshine wish thee,
Gladly shield thee from all harm ;
But in living and o'ercoming,
Lies the magic, aye, — the charm.

Child, adieu ! may angels guard thee,
Fold thee in their fond embrace ;
In the blest hereafter greet thee ; —
Welcome, thrice, — well run thy race !

NOTE.—Suggested by his mother's touching a tender chord in her little son's nature while yet in his infancy, as she played a succession of sad, minor chords.

Published in "Cambridge Chronicle."

S O N G S.

S O N G S .

CHRISTMAS SONG — 1878.

A TWILIGHT whisper,
A happy thought,
A loving message
Glad spirits brought.
A Christmas carol, —
A New Year's song, —
Was on the snow flakes
Wafted along
From Paradise.

What says the whisper,
What breathes the thought,
What tells the message,
Glad spirits brought?
Ah ! these harbingers
Ethereal,
Have given us thoughts
Ineffable
Of Paradise.

The grandest poem,—
The truest word,—
By mortal ears
Was never heard.
The bird that carols
The sweet refrain,
Can never equal
The wondrous strain
From Paradise.

Published in "Cambridge Chronicle."

Set to Music by Madame E. Rudersdorff.

LIFE'S SEASONS.

YOUTH is full of happy musings,
Thoughts replete with visions fair;
Haunts of care it passeth gaily,
Vaulteth lightly up in air.
Merry, blithesome, gleeful childhood,
Gathering sunbeams all the day;
Life's glad spring-time, nought of sorrow,
Sunlight brightens all the way.

Scenic fancies lightly flitting,
Softly blend with year's mature;
Youth's bright, flowery season fleeteth,
Hopes of gay romance are o'er.

Panoplied in manly armor,
 For life's battle fierce and long;
 Faith his frail bark's trusty oarsman,
 Zealous, earnest manhood strong.

Hazy mists steal o'er the landscape,
 Autumn-tints suffuse the scene;
 Wintry age and hoary tresses
 Temper youth and manhood's sheen.
 Retrospect for age hath pleasures,
 Life's brief span he museth o'er;
 Calmly down the stream he glideth,
 Soon will reach the promised shore,—
 Blissful haven,—placid shore.

*Published in "Cambridge Chronicle," August 10, 1863.
 Set to Music by Carl Zerrahn.*

How oft at twilight's tranquil hour
 My mind with rapture thrills!
 With sweet delights my heart o'erflows
 And joy my bosom fills.

My soul caressing thee in thought
 In sweet flight wings to thee;
 While memory tunes her harp divine
 To songful melody.

SUNG TO "MANOAH."

*Champs Elysées, Paris, July, 1876.
 Published in "Boston Transcript," June 9, 1877.*

SONG OF THE ROSE.

A SPRITE peeped out from the heart of the rose,
An elf danced over each leaf,—
We have come to tell you of rose-land sweet,
And our stay can be but brief.

For the fading petal's no home for us,
We hie to our fairy queen ;
A symbol of love from the floral home
Is the rose's blushing sheen.

Our queen was wooed by the fairy king
Whose court is the home of the flowers,
'T is there that we dance, sing and sport all the day
In the rose-queen's perfumed bowers.

Come, mortal,— and list to the voice of the May,
Its echoes in wood and in dale ;
Come follow where beauty is singing her lay
In our wonderful, flowery vale.

AN IDYL — GATES AJAR.

HARK! the sweet melody,
(Echo) Beautiful melody,
Telling of Spring-time,
Glad, blithesome Springtime.

Ah ! how my pulses thrill,—
Joy all my bosom fills,
Free as the birdling wild,
 Trill I my lay.
Love is the guerdon bright,
Teaching my heart so light
 To trill its lay.
La, la, la, la,
 Trilling its lay.

FORGET-ME-NOTS,— Forget-me-nots,—
 Sweet Love's immortal flowers,—
I 'll wear them next my aching heart
 These long and weary hours.
He wore them, too, my sailor lad,
 Far o'er the dark, bright sea ;
He plucked them at our last, sweet tryst
 And gave with love to me.

“ When next I come,” he whispered soft,
 “ My bonny bride thou 'lt be,
And I will be thy knight, as in
 The days of chivalry.”
He left me with his plighted troth,
 My brave, young, sailor lad ;
My heart went sailing with my love,
 This heart, alas ! so sad.

For time rolls on its ceaseless flow,
But ne'er brings smiles for me.
My laughter-loving, sailor knight
Shall roam no more the sea.
In dreams I see his happy face,
And feel the clasp of hand,
And hear the music of his voice,
A song from spirit-land.

And so his mem'ry hovers near,
A picture of the past,—
A tender dream of bliss, too bright,
Too beautiful to last.
I chide my weak and murmuring heart,
And bid it patient wait,
Till reunited with my love,
We share the heavenly state.

Published in "Meteor," February 28, 1879.

LOVE sings :—
'T is day when thou art near ;
I see thy face,
Feel thy caress ;
'T is brightest day.

Love wails:—

'T is night when thou art far,
The brightness fades,
Deepens the shade
To darkest night.

Love longs

To sing and part no more.
Haste bridal sweet
On wingèd feet
With love and song!

Published in "Boston Transcript," April 5, 1878.

My little bird of love
Goes singing, singing on;
Its sweet, ecstatic strains
Singing.

My little bird of love,
That still goes singing on,—
Art thou a myth, a dream
Singing?

This little bird of love
That e'er goes singing on,
Thou art my heart's sweet love
Singing.

As love to me is life,
(My heart goes singing on,)
So life to me is love
Singing.

Dear little bird of love
So sweetly singing on,
I'll cherish thee fore'er
Singing.

Published in "Cambridge Chronicle," April 15, 1876.

I LIVE for love,
I live for love,
So sings the bird alway;
And I must echo the glad strain
Forever and for aye.
I live for song,
I live for song,
So trills the birdling sweet;
And I must find for my true love
A joyous rhyme as meet.
I live for thee,
I live for thee,
Yes, dearest love, — for thee.
No other fair, no other smile
So winsome is to me.
And at thy feet
Thy lover sighs,

O bonny, bonny lass, —
Till thou shalt flash upon his love,
One smile from thy dear face.
One more sweet boon
I crave from thee,
My bonny, winsome lass, —
A taste of heaven to mortals given,
A loving, sweet caress.

A THRILL.

SATISFIED with friendship? Never
Utter more those chilling sounds,
Token thrilling as an iceberg, —
Mourner cold o'er heart's deep wounds.
Nay, not so, — entreats the maiden, —
'T is no vain, dissembling boon,
Can'st thou spurn an honest offering,
Gift sincere — nay pause! — which soon —
Stay! But rashly has he flitted
From the presence-chamber bright,
Heedless of his fair one's wishes
To dispel the cheerless night,
Into which his rage had plunged him,
Veiling wilfully the light.
On dit, absence fond ties strengthens,
Subtly binds when far from sight
Is the object of affection.

Ha ! bright maiden, — wherefore weep ?
Wherefore tears suffuse thine eyelids ?
Far away wings balmy sleep.
What ! wast trifling with thy lover ?
Scorn'st the love he proffered thee ?
Nay, not so, — replies the maiden,
Fain I'd truthful, honest be.

Then she whispered soft, “ I love him,
Feel for him my life-blood thrill ;
But alas ! friendship's rejected,
Think you he will love me still ?
Why his absence all unnerves me ?
Is it love ? ” Conviction cold,
Quick revokes the granted friendship,
Says, 't is love. — Nay ! say not bold
Is the maiden to confess it,
Reck not lightly, choicely bless it.

Many a heart its impulse checking,
Wastes and withers, — bloom decays,
Livelong sorrow broodeth darkly
O'er the remnant of their days.
Blast not life's sweet joys forever,
Shatter not, but fond hopes buoy,
Fill thy heart with precious tributes,
Love sincere, without alloy.

Many months the maiden waited,
 Love's bright taper ne'er grown dim,
 Soon we find them re-united,
 Bliss, a sparkle to the brim,
 Softened now life's bitter trials ;
 Griefs when shared soon melt away ;
 Happiness o'ertakes the lovers,
 Brightly dawns the "prosperous day."

Published in "Cambridge Chronicle," 1864.

LOVE'S RHYMES.

My Love, — enwrapped in dreams of bliss and
 thee

My heart goes rhyming on.
 With love the ideal of its poetry,
 It still rhymes on,
 Unmindful of the wingèd flight of time,
 Its chords are tuned to such impassioned rhyme.
 It rhymes of life and love and all sweet things
 Which in the poet's heart must ever sing.
 Noble and grand and beautiful to me
 All I've idealized, my love, in thee.

My heart rhymed on in the gathering mist,
 As I sat by the shore while the wavelets kissed
 My feet as they tossed the feathery spray,
 And moistened love's blush, as they seemed to
 say,

“We carried thy love far over the sea,
And soon we will bring him back gaily to thee.”

I sat and gazed at the twilight sea,
My heart still rhyming on.
Bright Fancy stole in with her imagery,
And built me an Eden, where throned on high
A prince and a princess sat, Love and I.
On those lofty heights in a blissful trance,
Our hearts went rhyming on,
And rhymed themselves so to each other's glance
Both hearts did beat as one.
Earth melted away at our feet, sweet love, —
As we went rhyming on,
And naught but our heart-life remained for love
To rhyme forever on.

THOUGHTS EXHALED FROM A CARNATION.

IN quiet mood I muse awhile,
Till well-known footsteps near me tread,
I turn to read the tell-tale glance,
Caresses light are on my head.

My rev'rie's quickly laid aside
To read from Love's entrancing page,
The “old, old story,” conned anew,
Doth eye and lip and heart engage.

This night the rich carnation weaves
An all-enchancing loveliness ;
Its blush so bright, its perfume pure,
Its language, *mon cher*, canst thou guess ?

It tells the tale of " woman's love,"
Of which the half remains untold.
Such love exalts its object's grace,
Is 't always prized as purest gold ?

Canst fathom such affection's wealth ?
On thee she fain would lavish all ;
This off'ring, will it thee content,
Journeying on, whate'er befall ?

In sickness, sorrow, health and joy,
Whatever troubles may betide,
Hast love, will trials sore survive,
And prove thee faithful, true and tried ?

Published in " Cambridge Chronicle," 1867.

A TRIBUTE TO ERATO.

LOVE wings on rosy pinions,
And scatters heav'nly dew
O'er souls of kindred feeling,
Friends precious, — aye, — and few.

Her off'rings breathe ambrosia,
Her glance reveals the charm
That makes of earth an Eden,
Pure friendship true and warm.

Affection's bonds cemented
By ties intangible,
Interpret in a language
So soft, unspeakable.

Let reason guide devotion,
And breathe her vows sincere, —
She 'll yield a bounteous harvest
Of happiness, — ne'er fear !

But passion's surging dictates
Resound in hollow waves,
And shell-like, bubbling, satiate
Too soon her willing slaves.

Purest is love when friendship quickens
Glowing aspirations bright ;
Fountains whose lucid jets are yielding
Inexhaustible delight.

Published in " Cambridge Chronicle," March 7, 1864.

PANSIES.

Too tired to guide the pen
I send a friend
A pansy in a letter ; full of thought
The flower is fraught.
Will it plead eloquent ?
Its sentiment
Is just a happy thought
From friend to friend ;
As such I send.
A fair epitome
Thou art to me, —
Thy tell-tale face,—of Nature's loveliness
In simple dress.
Within thy flower-heart
I have the art
To read those pensive depths
And find a smile,
A loving wile,
Which tells my wistful gaze
Another phase
Of love-life, lurking in
The hidden thought
With thee inwrought.
“Will he keep faith with me ?”
I ask of thee.
Thy perfume echoes, “Love,

I too, have love
With me inwove."
Go then, dear flower, and tell
My love, how well
My passion pleads in thy
Sweet, smiling face,
Perfume and dress.

SOMEWHERE I'm sure to meet thee, dearest friend,
Perchance not ere life's pilgrimage shall end;
I shall not speak, so great will be the thrill
Of rapture, which shall all sensation fill,
Sometime, — somewhere.

I shall but smile and clasp thee as mine own,
So deep affection has for thee, love, grown,
I'd know nor thought nor hope apart from thee,
Each impulse is inwrought so tenderly
With thy sweet life. And though decree of fate
Has drifted us apart, we'll meet, if late,
Sometime, — somewhere.

I tried to crush this longing, tried to still
Emotion's tide, — it would not list my will.
The passionate, wild heart sobbed out its pain,
Rebelling at the wave of fate in vain.
Sadly I've learned to show a studied calm,
Buoyed by the hope, we'll meet — O blessèd balm, —
Sometime, — somewhere.

In the sweet sometime, in the glad somewhere,
We'll drop our earth-born, weary load of care.
No grief, all joy in the celestial home.
We all shall know each one as he is known,
Sometime, — somewhere.

INVOCATION.

THE twilight steals a deepening shade
While fancies flit around ;
The clouds coquetting with the hills
Just tint the landscape's bound.
The fascinating after-glow
Has faded quite away ;
My sad heart moans at day's decline,
“ My love has sailed away.”

My love has sailed o'er distant seas,
My heart it saileth too ;
A carrier dove on wings of love,
Far o'er the wave it flew,
To greet my love upon the sea,
And bear a message back to me.

The storm raged high ; the angry wind
Did echo in my heart.
“ Give back my love, O sea ! ” I cried ;
“ Why, why did he depart ? ”

Then speed his barque upon the wave,
Thou Power Supreme, and raging sea, —
Protect it from the angry wind, —
And waft it safely back to me.

Published in "Boston True Flag," April 14, 1877.

MAY SONG.

A-MAYING,
Roaming with my love,
Sweet May,
I plucked the lovely blossoms fresh and fair,
And wove them for her sunny, golden hair,
Till she my Flora-Queen was wondrous fair.

A-Maying,
Roaming with my fair,
Sweet May, —
I whispered to the flowers my tale of love
Till angels echoed it in joy above,
And softly sang it to my own dear love.

A-Maying,
Roaming with my joy,
Sweet May, —
I caught the secret of the birdling's lay
And told it to my love this glad May-Day,
While she, as happy, gave her heart away,
Sweet May.

*Published in "Cambridge Chronicle," May 26, 1877.
Set to Music by J. C. Warren.*

INVISIBLE.

THOU'RT far away, yet still art near,
O paradox most strange, yet clear, —
While glim'ring shadows o'er me steal,
Thy spirit's presence still I feel.

My heart, ignoring time and space,
Leaps up with hope, and wins the race,
Sweet faith, proud conqueror of vain fears,
Wells up, and gently checks our tears.

The halos fading melt away,
Dawn ushers in the light of day,
Angels in blissful choirs above
Can sing of rapturous, soul-felt love.

Those ties invisible, unseen,
Of friendship that ne'er dies, I ween,
Unsevered, tend from mortal joy
To heavenly bliss without alloy.

Fair temples of ethereal build,
Which oft our teeming fancies filled,
Resplendent, dazzling, glorious shine,
Exhaling perfumes e'en divine,

IL BACIO.

It thrills me now, that imprint fond,
Sweet token of affection, —
Blest sanction of a higher power
To loving inclination.

'Tis love, a pure and holy fire,
That earthly feelings purges,
And all our happiness below
Into one "sparkle" merges.

A ray of sunlight in our lives,
A beam of joy to mortals, —
Who fain life's mystery would pierce,
Peer though celestial portals.

It quickens all our impulses,
It softens all our sorrow,
We tune our lyres to ardent lays,
And wist not of the morrow.

* * * * *

Ah, yes ! methinks 't is sweet to live
When life's suffused with love ;
Duty we reckon, but sweeter far
To live for those we love.

COLOR-BLIND.

WHAT color her eyes?
That I surely can't tell,—
But I know that a well of deep feeling is there,
And volumes I read
In the eyes of my love.

The hue of her hair?
Nor that can I tell,—
But I know that no sunbeam more brightly e'er
glows
Or opaline tint,
Than the hair of my love.

Does she love me? you ask, —
That I surely can tell,
For the blush on her cheek, and the smile on her
lips,
Intensify both
At the footstep of love.

Is this but a dream,
This rare bliss of love?
Ah, no! that sweet kiss and that fervent caress,
'Tis the story oft told, —
'Tis the rapture of love.

THE TRYST.

I WANDERED to the trysting,
It was the fav'rite hour,
Just as the sun was sinking
Within his rosy bower.

I tried to find the beauty
Of this rare twilight scene;
This imagery so gorgeous,
This lustrous sunset sheen.

A lake of molten splendor,
The sky flushed ruby bright,
Like opal's wondrous beauty
Flashing in radiant light.

But what to me this magic?
Thou wert not at the tryst,—
I could not see the brightness
With eyes whose gathering mist

Obscured my sense to beauty,
And all that's fair to see.
Alone I'm at the trysting
Where thou wert e'er with me.

AN EPISODE.

A SPRIGHTLY youth of tender years
Once loved a maiden fair.
Her eyes were brown as hazel-nuts,
And sunny was her hair.

She sang as sweetly as a bird,
And oh, — how blest were they
While pledging mutual, loving vows
Of constancy for aye.

But lo! whence comes this threatening cloud
Affection to dispel?
'Tis the old story: they did love
Not wisely, as I tell, —

Too sudden had their fancy grown,
Estrangement came as soon;
For love needs *time* and *depth* t' expand,
Else like the changing moon,

It gives forth all its brilliant light,
Then dim and dimmer grows,—
Comes the sad, faded vanishing
Like petals from a rose.

LISTLESSLY fell the fingers on the keys ;
No music came but dull, uncertain chords
Which lacked thy inspiration, dearest friend, —
To flash the strains by inner harmonies,
Responding thought to thought's intensest glow.
Thy subtle presence is life's deepest charm,
Thy smile the sweetest poetry to me.
Come to me, dearest, — let me feel the tide
Of life, which e'er thy coming brings to me.
No clouds, no shadows where thy sunshine falls,
Nought but a flow of such intensity
I scarce can speak.

Thy voice is more to me
Than e'en the sweetest music ever heard ;
Thy touch, a thrill of ecstasy.
My heart then fills with joy unspeakable ;
All space is filled with airy messages,
And all things breathe of thee.

ROSEMARY REMEMBRANCE—IMPROMPTU.

WHY should I write to my love, my sweet love ?
Why should I guide the pen ?
A flower shall whisper my secret to her
Over and over again.

Why should I sing for my love, my sweet love ?
Why should I tune the voice ?
The zephyrs shall breathe my caressing thoughts,
Each breeze with my love rejoice.

Why should I talk of my love, my sweet love,
Who wandered far away ?
The billowy ocean will ripple my sighs
In a twilight roundelay.

Wast thou never thrilled by magical speech,
The written-word and the song ?
Then I will write to, and talk of my love,
And sing of her all the day long.

MY POEM.

TILL I met thee, mine own beloved,
My deepest nature ne'er was stirred.
I'd worshipped oft at beauty's shrine,
And of love's idyl often heard.

New joys have flashed upon my life
Since first I saw thy happy face,
To me so fair, — surpassing sweet, —
And full of such a nameless grace,

It floated into my heart-life
As steals a sweet, midsummer dream.
I basked in sunshine, thou wert near,
And bright for me its radiance gleamed.

Love ripples *first* like sportive waves
Tossing in air their feathery spray;
Then lo ! the unfailing, tidal wave
Floods in upon our heart some day.

AIR CASTLES.

'Tis days since I have seen thy dear, loved face,
And yet the ardent longing ne'er shall cease.
I've longed to be a flower whose simple grace
Should breathe a tender atmosphere of peace

And sweet aromas round thy life's pathway.
Or fain I'd be a bird or woodland fay,
To carol thee some gay or plaintive lay,
And lightly hover near thee all the day.

But since such boons the Fates to me deny,
Why can't I be a golden, little star
To twinkle at thee from my home on high
And be to thee "so near and yet so far" ?

The sweet-voiced warblers usher in the day,
And I must rise from happy dreams of thee.
My heart forever sings a roundelay,—
From morn till latest eve aspires to thee.

VIOLETS.

VIOLETS

Culled for thee, darling, —
Sparkling with dew-pearls
Fresh from the morning.

Violets,—

Constancy's offering, —
Texture ethereal, —
Love in its dawning.

Violets,—

Harbingers heavenly, —
Whisper thy secrets
Elysian to me.

Modest, blue violets, —

Chaste smile of Nature, —
Dainty, sweet flowerets, —
Violets.

Published in "Cambridge Chronicle."

SEQUEL TO "VIOLETS."

ONLY some fading violets

Lying there, —

But ah ! they exhale a fragrance

Rich and rare.

Memories loving and tender,

Friendship dear.
A voice of musical rhythm
Greets my ear
Like the fall of a lute's sweet cadence,
Soft and clear.

True, they are fading violets,
Too fair to last ;
But yet they whisper fond secrets
Of days long past.
And every hour they grow dearer
Friend, to me ;
Each leaflet exquisite, fraught with
Sweet thoughts of thee.

1876.

WE drifted out upon life's restless sea,
Our barque containing but my love and me ;
Such happiness intense, it scarce could seem
Else than an exquisite and blissful dream.
The sun was struggling through the summer haze,
Dreamy we caught the glimmer of chance rays.
I asked no other sun than thy dear smile
The shadows to dispel, which for a while
The twilight brings.
What need of speech when thought responsive
flows ?
In thy dear presence there's a glad repose.

We fathom music in the rhythmic splash
Of waves, which 'gainst our little boat quick dash.
We feel the kindling of poetic life.
No more the tumult and prosaic strife
Which worldly duty brings. This gladsome, sum-
mer day
We bid but love of beauty with us stay.

WHISPER, dear friend, that you love me, —
Whisper again and again, —
The heart is ne'er weary of hearing
The tender and loving refrain.

Sing me in sweetest harp-measure
The song of thy love o'er and o'er, —
It lightens the heart of its sorrow,
It easeth the grieving so sore,

To know when our dear ones have left us,
Fond hearts are still tender and true ;
Dear loves that are linked by the story,
So sweet and so old, yet so new.

Published in " Boston True Flag," January 27, 1877.

THINKING of thee in the twilight
As the fingers swept o'er the keys,
The spirit of happiness hovered,
And melodized all my heart's ease.

My secret I breathed in the music,—
A tremulous, passionate strain, —
And ever could hear in the twilight
Soft echoes renew it again,

Which the harp in the air softly whispers,
Enchanted by love's magic wand.
A halo of rapturous feeling
Encircles thy mem'ry so fond.

AN ecstasy is my love,
Of sadness and of joy.
When thou'rt away, 'tis sadness,
When near me — ah, what joy !

Sun, moon and stars I envy,
And e'en the common air
Which ever can surround thee
With their unceasing care.

While I all else forgetting,
Can only dream of thee
And those dear, rapturous moments
When I my love shall see.

DEEP in my heart a happy song
Is ever sweetly singing.
As memory lightly sweeps her lyre,
The chords are softly ringing.

Though fain to touch the strings, I fear
Lest their vibrations pealing
Should tell the secret of the joy,
The sweet emotions stealing

O'er this glad heart, so happy in
Its tremulous revealing
Of love and friendship linked with thee,—
A rapturous, sacred feeling.

WHY ?

I HARDLY know when 't was I loved her,
So long, long ago it seemed, —
This blissful emotion stole o'er me, —
A happy, ecstatic heart-dream.

And if thou shouldst ask why I love her,
My answer:—go ask the fair flower
Why it opens its petals so sweetly
And sheddeth perfume in the bower.

Or question the merry wood-songster
Who trills tender lays to his mate.
As the birdlings I yield to such bondage,
And gladly accept my heart-fate.

IF I should know that ne'er on earth
My love I'd meet again,
This world, its friendships and its joys,
All, all to me were vain.

My life would ebb, my heart would break,
And rend the links of life,
As breaks the sun through rifts of clouds,
And death should end the strife.

For what were life of love bereft?
A blank, a void to me.
With thee to live, 't were Heaven on earth
Shad'wing eternity.

THY beauty resistless,
Thy loveliness peerless
Would make e'en an angel
In love with thee.
Mute in thy atmosphere,
Love must give way to fear
Lest thou sigh'st not, my dear, —
As I for thee.
Grief alone charmeth me,
Weeping I think of thee,
Sweeter than joy to me
The constant tear.

Do you think me happy, darling,
Without the morning kiss?
Do you think I am not wretched,
The caress I did not miss?
I was weak and somewhat angered,
And I dared not meet your face;
But I'd give my life this instant
That weak moment to efface.
For I love you so, my darling, —
That the thought I cannot brook,
That we e'er the spell should weaken
By feeling, word or look.

THEORY AND PRACTICE.

I SAID last night : — and I believed
The folly then, — “ Dear, love like mine
Can wait and trust and not be grieved
Though it should miss responsive sign.”

But when the week its circle ran,
And brought me not a word from you,
Then dear, my foolish heart began
To grieve and prove my words untrue.

TO KEEP for him e'er my life's best love,
Ah! I needed no vow to give;
Each thought will ever be true to him,
Aye! so long as we both shall live.

'Twas no sudden feeling that bound us,
No whimsical fancy of love,
But a thought that ennobled our growth
And linked with the life above.

BRIGHT as a star is thy face, love,
When radiantly beaming on me
Hardly I dare to confess, love,
This rapturous transport for thee.
Fathomless deep in my heart, love,
It surges this grand mystery.
Last night "my darling" thou saidst, love, —
My heart beat responsive to thee.
Every one's somebody's darling,
Else what a sad world this would be.

THE beautiful violets faded away,
And I thought of thy sorrow, love, sacred to me.
The flowerets wither, and so will thy grief, love,
When true love shall kiss all thy sadness away.
No longer thine eyelids be wet with deep anguish,
No longer with agony rent thy fond heart,
For thy true love is coming with hope and caresses,
To stifle the tempest, deep down in thy heart.
The tide of sweet happiness, ere long returning,
Shall soothe with its billows thine agonized soul.

A BIT of nature from the glen,
A promise that sometime, — ah, when ? —
I may this spot enchanted see.
Will you be there, love, too, with me ?
For I its beauty ne'er should see
Were you not there, sweet love, with me ;
For happiness with love 's enhanced.
Ah ! when with thee, time seems to dance.

SHE kissed me !
Such rapture !
I thought it was heaven
Transported to earth.
I heard the flowers whisper
Mysterious secrets
In magical language,
Whose sweet music
Gave forth enchantment, —
She kissed me !

FRAGMENTS.

FRAGMENTS.

A FRAGMENT.

SUGGESTED BY THE PICTURE "NAISSANCE DE VÉNUS."

SWEET Goddess, — radiant queen of grace and
love, —
Daintily originated 'neath spray and wave, —
The mystic rites of thy mysterious birth
Have shed a halo o'er thy loveliness,
Investing with a chaste, romantic glow
Thy beauty peerless and thy witching grace.
Imagination pictures thee too bright
For artist-inspiration e'er to trace.
Adjudged the fairest on Olympian heights,
Thy wondrous gifts beyond our mortal ken.
What cunning tracery, what fairy hand
Can weave a web so deftly delicate,
As to enchant our spirit's imagery,
And thus evoke from some fine artist-sense
A picture meet of this rare Goddess Queen?

Published in "Boston Transcript," November 22, 1876.

A FRAGMENT.

POETRY's the dainty pollen
Falling from the flowers fair;
Poetry's the flow'ry essence
Bright'ning many hours of care.
Melodizing prosy moments
O'er our senses soft it steals,
Lulling care to gentle slumber;
Who can pen the joy he feels
When some rich, poetic measure
Thrills the soul with ecstasy?
'Tis the glad regeneration
Shad'wing immortality.

Published in "Cambridge Chronicle."

THE soft, falling snow, —
Poet of Nature, —
Moving us ensconced in-doors, to feel
How sweet the poetry of home-life!
Friends, books and music,
Simple, household joys
Absorb our minds from thoughts of out-door life
Which sunshine tempts us to enjoy full well.
And too, it is a merry sight to see
The boys and girls in happy, laughing glee,
Coasting adown the hill right merrily.

TWILIGHT THOUGHTS.

COME, friend, and have a twilight talk with me,
Of friendship, music, art and poetry ;
Ever the sunset hour induces me
To happy, sweet, "enchanted reverie ;"
Inspiring is the twilight after-glow.

THE wings of memory waft me on the sea,
Freighted with many loving thoughts to thee.
I stood in Westminster's old Abbey gray ;
The grand, old nave,
The cloisters shadowy, dim,
The marble piles,—
Breathed thoughts of "passing day."

HEARTLESS !

"MARRY for love?" she scornfully said ;
"For position alone marry I, —
Let maids sentimental sigh for love, —
For wealth and a home marry I."
She gracefully toyed with the satins
And the silks that lay heaped royally.

It dawns upon me like a flash, —
It cannot be so here,
But in the grand hereafter
Shall we know each other
With a fulness life does not vouchsafe here.

THE moonbeams laughed in the rippling waves,
As I stood by the water's edge,
And I said, "Go tell my own true love
I am here where I gave my pledge."

'T WAS but a glimpse I caught of you,
'T was but a pressure of the hand;
And yet since that sweet time, I am
The happiest lady in the land.

SPARKLING as the wavelet
Dancing merrily,
Flashing in the sunlight
Sings my love to thee.

GOOD morrow! graceful blossoms
Into my window peeping;
Your fairy morning-greeting
Reproaches me for sleeping.

IF this dread, mortal agony brings peace,
Content I am until the soul's release ;
A tumult, passion, fire within me glows,
I'm wracked with pain, scarce know a day's repose.

OFT I review the happy life,
Days that have past so blissfully,
The precious hours I've spent with thee,
As time goes calmly on, sweet wife.

So vivid the link of our love-life,
Its tenure will last forever, .
So subtle the web and the woof.

THE spirits talked to us last night,
And left their fairy work
Sculptured upon the window panes.

ART is an externalization of our inner feelings,—
But the deepest feelings elude this crystallization.

FRIENDSHIP.

FRIENDSHIP.

FRIENDSHIP.—A RETROSPECT.

WE live each day a double life in one, —
Our sterner side must jostle with the world,
For daily friction gives life ebb and flow,
And rouses all our powers to manly growth.
But what were this without the tenderness
And love that blends in friendship's sweetest
joys?

We seem to drift into each other's lives,
But wiser hands than chance have cast our fate ;
Why, — but that each may to the other give
The fragrance which true friendship sheds on life ?
Our happiness doth come of little things.
A word, a look, a thought, perhaps a tear,
The clasp of hand, the kiss, the faded flower,
The story or the poem read one day,
The song of pathos or the joyful lay,
The walk together at the close of day,

—— Such is our friendship ;
Delicious compound of sweet memories,
And priceless in each precious retrospect.
Whatever is or has been, all will be
Linked with thy friend in happy memory.

NATURE IN FRIENDSHIP.

ART thou a woody sprite, dear friend,
That ever comes bringing to me
Some rare bit of nature, a picture or flower
Suggestive of beauty and thee?

And thus my friendship with thee, friend,
Is so interwoven with flowers,
And nature's cloud-frescoes soft-pencilled in sky,
And music in May's lovely bowers,

Which myriads of merry, Spring birds
Are trilling from gay, little throats,
While hearts full of happiness beat in response,
And echo the bright, joyous notes.

And thus life sweetly fleets, friend,
With fond reminiscence of thee;
And roaming 'mid beauty by wave or in wood
I'm minded of nature and thee.

A WELCOME TO A. C. W.

ON HIS RETURN FROM THREE YEARS' SERVICE IN THE
38TH MASSACHUSETTS REGIMENT.—SUNG AT RECEPTION.

WITH kindly greetings, one and all,
We here together come,
To welcome one who Freedom's call
Obeyed, and left his home;

Left friends and home and kindred dear,
To battle for the right ;
Remembrance of those friends sincere
Has kept his honor bright.

In camp, or on the bloody field,
He never left his post,
Resolved he 'd ne'er to traitors yield
The cause he loved the most.

And now to peace once more restored,
Our country wholly free,
We welcome him with one accord
To Home and Liberty.

Cambridge, 1865.

LINES

SUGGESTED BY THE ADVENT OF A YOUNG FRIEND TO
HIS "PRIME."

A s now you shall enter your twenty-first year,
U nfurl the bright banner of truth !
S tand firm in the right, — resolve without fear
T o cherish the lessons of youth !
I f the far, distant future at times shall look drear,
N ever falter,—for He that hath made you is near.

Cull every fair flower ere they fade from the sight,
Let them emblemize youth's lovely spring, —
And onward press nobly while yet it is light,
Remember, the day is not always so bright, —
Keep thought ever fresh on the wing!

Wave the Star Spangled Banner o'er Freedom's
own land, —

Eagle bold, let it "fillip the stars!"
Live ever as one of a brave, faithful band!
Let your loyal heart proudly and truly e'er stand!
If Oppression shall desecrate Liberty's shrine,
New courage and vigor then quickly combine,
Give a death-blow to infamous Mars!
Then traitors beware! do not dare to defy!
Our own youthful patriots, conquer or die!
Never yield up our stripes and our stars!

Cambridgeport, July 17.

BIRTHDAY GREETING.

TO A. C. W.

NOISELESSLY winging on bright, rosy pinions,
Fleetly and happily speed the glad hours.
Soft bells are pealing, their joyous chimes ringing,
Bidding our presence in gay, festal bowers.

List to the echoes resounding so clearly,
Welcoming, greeting our friend's natal day,
Hark to the fairy-winged messengers, bearing
Tokens of friendship, in festal array.

Fain would we wish for thee sunshine unending,
But there's no happiness without alloy.
Ah ! life's elixir is choicest and purest
Quaffed from the fountain of God's book of joy.

Priceless its precepts, and loving its spirit ;
Cherished, revered are its chapters of truth ;
Images bright of a blissful hereafter
Charm the impressible nature of youth.

Retrospect wafts lively scenes to our vision,
Mystery hazes the future from view,
Airily gliding through memory's chambers,
Swift flits the past, while obscuring its hue.

Proudly the present asserts its dominion,
Telling us, life is no vain, empty dream ;
Bidding us choose for our watchword, the pres-
ent, —
High on our banners this watchword shall gleam.

Published in "Cambridge Chronicle." July 17, 1867.

BIRTHDAY GREETING.

TO A. C. W.

BIRTHDAYS, — happy, glad occasions —
Thoughts crowd thickly for my lay,
Out of past days, fancy fashions
Shapes of rare imagery.

Memory opes her magic storehouse,
Shows her treasures garnered there ;
Lovingly we will unshelve them,
Count the pictures choice and fair.

Fancy threads her subtle needle
With the clustering pearls of time,
We'll unstring these tiny globules,
String them up again in rhyme.

Foremost in the panorama
Youth glides merrily along ;
Dreaming oft of manhood's advent,
Pealing forth a gladsome song.

Manhood, — noble season, — cometh,
Love should e'er with duty blend,
Alway to the faithful, hopeful,
Heav'n will richest blessings send.

Life's vicissitudes are many,
Web and woof, how intricate, —

Mortal fingers, too unskilful,
Cannot ravel threads of Fate.

Joys and sorrows weave our life scenes,
Dot the human landscape o'er ;
But with love to sweeten sadness,
Dear friend, — could we ask for more ?

Piercing through the clouds of darkness,
Love the silver lining finds,
Fresh shall be our heart-life ever,
As each day more closely binds.

Published in "Cambridge Chronicle." July 17, 1868.

TO UNCLE J. F. ON HIS BIRTHDAY.

It floateth a vague and a nebulous mist,
This song I would now fain be singing ;
Heart wishes of joy on the friend's natal day
The chimes of the sunset are ringing.

'Tis only a memory sweet of the past,
This song I would now fain be singing, —
A lay true and tender of love and of joy,
While the soft, twilight chimes are ringing.

Fitchburg, April 30, 1878.

Set to Music by T. C. H.

FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY ANNIVERSARY.

TO S. P. T.

'Tis fifty years ago, Uncle,
Since you came into space ;
And may it be as many more
That we shall see thy face ;
If thou canst happy be, Uncle,
When four-score years are given,
To life prolong full twenty more
Ere earthly ties are riven.

Life has been fair to you, I ween,
You've had your ups and downs
As ev'ry mortal has on earth, —
For fortune smiles and frowns
Alternately, on toiling man,
Bringing both joy and grief ;
But when life's pilgrimage is run,
The season seems but brief.

And may the rest of life, Uncle,
Fleet pleasantly away,
'Mid family and loving friends
To glad your mortal day ;
And then when these bright scenes are o'er,
Above we all shall meet,
Where many that are gone before
Are waiting us to greet.

BIRTHDAY GREETING.

SENT WITH AN AUTOGRAPH ALBUM FROM THE COUSINS.

JETS of limpid dew from heaven,
O n thy pathway sparkle clear.
H appy youth thus ripples gently
N ear the goal of pleasure dear.

M any friends will on these pages
A mor's tokens fond indite,
S catter founts of kind affection, —
O ft *a word* is Friendship's mite,
N imble thoughts will scale the future,

D own the spiral gaily spring,
A iry castles rear in Fancy, —
V agaries their flight soon wing.
I n the blesséd regions of sweet bliss immortal,
S unny are the skies where angels guard the portal.

October 5, 1863.

TO J. M. D.

BLISSFUL day, thrice blest occasion,
Happy, joyous, festal day, —
Let affection be our watchword, —
Love, the burden of our lay.

Seventeen years, a happy season,
Seventeen summers on the wing,
Standing on life's eighteenth threshold,
Hear the past in echoes ring.

Fancy's rich domain is glowing,
Fain we'd rive the veil for light,
Gladly pierce the hidden future,
Wisely veiled from mortal sight.

October 5.

SUGGESTED BY COUSIN JOHN'S
EIGHTEENTH BIRTHDAY.

PAUSE and retrospect a moment,
Lightly glance o'er mem'ry's page;
Ah! how fleet Youth's gladsome moments, —
Scarce a step from Youth to Age.

Ne'er forget that festive season,
Let it gladden manhood's day, —
Trivial scenes enhance in import,
Cast their flow'rs on life's pathway.

Noble manhood dawns upon you,
See its op'ning portals gleam,
Gird on fast the manly armor,
Life is no vain, empty dream.

E'er remember whence the blessings
Day and night to us unfold.
Ever guard life's precious casket,
Priceless jewel of the soul.

Cambridge, October 5.

LINES IN COUSIN FANNIE'S ALBUM.

DEAR Cousin, — many a word of love
Will here be breathed to thee ;
And as its pages oft you scan
And offerings kind shall see,
Remember that true friendship wears
A spotless purity ;
While artless maiden's fairest garb
Is chaste simplicity.

TO COUSIN KATIE G. F.

A GLAD "good-morning greeting"
Your flowers to me have brought,
The dainty, fragrant petals, —
The brilliant sunshine caught,

While breezes softly wafted
The sweetly-perfumed thought
Of friendship's pleasant mem'ries
With which the flowers are fraught.

Though soon the lovely blossoms
Must droop and fade away,
Yet sentiments so kindly
Shall linger many a day.

Boston, May 1, 1879.

LINES ON THE BIRTHDAY OF A FRIEND.

TO M. A. E.

WREATHE white rosebuds, love's fond emblems,
Radiant with pure, heavenly light;
Twine them with affection's tendrils,
Fashion flowery garlands bright.

As thou shalt, demurring, trembling,
Fain the future dim to trace,
Don maturity's tiara,—
Crowning gem of woman's grace,

May heaven's drops from purling fountains
Shed upon thy brow soft dew,
Halos of rich sunlight glowing,
Tints oft-changing, ever new.

Shad'wy pictures of the future,
Decked with vague, ideal fringe,
Float before thy fancy's vision,
Wraiths of time, — of neutral tinge.

Life's kaleidoscope is moving ;
Airy castles flit away,
Form the brightest, meetest shading
For this happy, glad birthday.

Earnest life is now the watchword,
But the heart, forever young,
Tunes its lyre to dulcet music,
Warbling forth the strain unsung.

Youth with womanhood is blending ;
Softened now the childish grace ;
Happiness from higher fountains
Writes its lines upon the face.

Faith shall purify life's current,
Calm the wild, uneasy flow ;
Peace that passeth understanding
Cause contentment here below.

Daily flowing, aye, and ebbing,
Human life, so intricate, —
Hastens to the glad hereafter,
Blissful Eden, — blessèd state.

* * * * *

Bright-eyed nymphs, — bring choicest tokens, —
Shower them on our dear friend's way, —
Flow'rets, emblems beatific
Of a joyful, glad birthday.

Published in "Cambridge Chronicle."

BIRTHDAY OFFERING.

TO M. A. E.

LOOKING back o'er days of by-gone,
Mem'ry weaves a web for me.
Pictures crowd to fill my thought-land,
Pleasant days I've spent with thee.

Birthdays are the flow'ry link-days,
Buds exhaling poetry,
Yearly blooming in life's garden, —
Sweet but voiceless melody.

Life has many fleeting pleasures,
But true happiness she gives,
Full of zealous thought and action
To the soul that earnest lives.

Culture breathes a subtle gladness,
'Tis a spell, enchanting e'en ;
O'er her devotees she weaveth
Lustrous, intellectual sheen.

Life can ne'er be full of sorrow
When the heart's replete with love,
And the mind with sweet contentment
Shadows forth the joys above.

In this plenitude of sunshine,
Life shall swiftly glide away, —
And our pilgrimage, here ended,
We shall hail th' immortal day.

Published in "Cambridge Chronicle." January 24, 1871.

TO E. D. B.

WHAT shall I offer to the friend, so dear?
How shall I tell her all the loving thoughts
And blessings I would shower upon her days?

Since the sweet dream of love has made so bright
The tender romance of thy glad heart-life,
I breathe *so many* kindly wishes, friend,
I cannot crystallize them into words.

I come not bringing flowers—too soon they fade;
Dainty and beautiful, they are not typical
Of love's unfading, ever-growing strength;
And yet, 'tis true, the leaflets only fade;
Deep in the floral heart, the germ of life
Lies thirsty only for the light and warmth
To quicken to new birth.

So may the fulness of the sun of love
Surround thee with a halo bright and fair,
That life may be a symphony so grand,
It seems an echo from the better land.

TO H. A. C.

THEY tell me 'twill thy birthday be
When morrow breaks the day.
Life's pathway may it be for thee
A bright and joyous May, *my dear*,
A peaceful, happy way.

May loving friendships link the chain
Of thy sweet, happy life,
And fairy footsteps smooth the path
Of this bright, gladsome life, *my dear*,
Thy loving, joyous life.

Fair maiden, tenderly we 'd lift
The veil from thy fond dream,
Trusting that through thy tranquil life
Warm sunshine e'er may gleam, *my dear*,
Then true will come thy dream.

Life may be always beautiful
When happy is the heart;
A panorama ever new, —
Glad thoughts and happy hearts, *my dear*,
Let us ne'er from them part.

September 5, 1873.

TO L. S. C.

In my garden bloomed a lily,
Fresh and fair for many a year,
Like thy pure and lovely namesake,
May thy life bloom, Lillie, dear.

Written in Album, April 17, 1877.

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES.

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES.

MEETING WITH WHITTIER.

ONE day, — was 't not the day of days? —
A bright day in my calendar, —
When riding on the Eastern road
I met the poet Whittier.

The car quite full, with quiet grace
One moved, his seat with me to share;
Hurried compliance I vouchsafed,
Not deeming here was Whittier.

Till venturing on second glance
I recognized the soulful face,
Whose picture I so oft had conned
Ne'er from my mind could aught efface.

Careless I turned my book leaves o'er;
That friendly tome I'll long prefer,
Since it this interview procured, —
A pleasant talk with Whittier.

For when upon my lap the book
Lay open quite at Landor's face,
The poet leaned a trifle near,
Those features fine to better trace.

"Landor!" he said, "at ripe, old age,"
And ah! his face beamed joyously,
While kindly of this genius grand
Discoursed the poet royally.

The pearls of thought, in sequence rich,
Flowed from his lips; ah! chaste they were.
Emerson, Browning, many more,
Extolled the poet Whittier.

Alas! that hour's bliss ended soon,
But mem'ry loves to linger e'er
Upon so choice an episode,—
This meeting chance with Whittier.

Published in "Cambridge Chronicle," April 24, 1875.

SHAKSPEARE CLUB.

SUNG AT CLOSING MEETING FOR THE SEASON.

AIR—"*Araby's Daughter*."

'MID scenes of the future, how sweetly will linger
Glad thoughts of our youth and its bright, hal-
cyon days,
Whose radiant fancies illumined our pathway
As lightly we warbled youth's gay, ardent lays.

And fondly will linger in memory's chamber,
As softly the echoes resound through the hall,
Our "Shakspeare's" glad meetings, those gath-
'rings enliv'ning,
And fain will our hearts these fair pictures
recall.

The genius of Shakspeare, the bond of our union,
Our chorus of voices in rapture proclaim,
The precepts of wisdom his teachings exhaling,
Conspire to extol his illustrious name.
Then loud in his honor we'll sound our glad
pæans,—
Let transports of praise ring from heart and
from voice!
We'll crown his bright genius with laurels un-
fading,
While all shall with jubilant utt'rance rejoice.

How tender the mem'ries soft zephyrs will waft us
Of friendships and joys in this happiest of bands,
Ere swift-gliding moments and fleetly-wing'd ages
Had scattered these ties over far, distant lands.
The varying scenes of our life's panorama,
When winters have tempered youth's first ar-
dent glow,
Will furnish in retrospect pleasures unending,
To happily muse on the days "Long Ago."

Cambridge, Mass., April 23, 1867.

SHAKSPEARE FESTIVAL HYMN.

AIR — "*Leaf by Leaf.*"

HERE we meet with friendly cheer,
Spirits glad pervade our throng.
'T is our yearly festival,
We give utt'rance glad in song.
Festive thoughts our hearts unite,
As our joyful notes we blend;
To our friends and guests to-night
Welcome kindly we extend.
Here we meet, etc.

To the wondrous poet-soul
Happy memories we bring;
To his noble genius bright,
We a grateful pæan sing.
'T was his genius did inspire
To convene our pleasant band,
And may many gladsome Springs
Smile upon our festal band.
Here we meet, etc.

April 23, 1870.

READING CLUB.

EXTRA MEETING, MARCH 11, 1874.

ONE morning last month at our breakfast quite
late,

Where we were discussing, not questions of state
I assure you — but *weightier* topics by far,
Such as music, the drama and gay opera ;
Such as “what shall we eat, drink, cook, buy and
wear? ”

And “what shall we twine for the ball in our hair? ”
And those myriad subjects which these things
suggest,

And with which *le monde* thinks ladies’ minds
are impressed

Past redemption; well such, as I’ve just said
before,

Was our state ; when there came a loud ring at
the door ;

And lo ! the good postman a letter me gave,
At the reading of which my face grew quite grave.

A poem to write, it did me invite ;

Methought a peremptory *no* I ’d indite

To the fair “Swan”-like member who sent the
invite

In behalf of the Ladies’ Committee so bright ;
And then I bethought of that terrible clause
Embodied in one of our rigid by-laws,

That all members should take the parts them assigned,
 So I thought to my fate I *must* be resigned.
 But no grand, epic poem I offer you, friends,
À la Milton or Homer, or similar men,
 But a weak flow of rhymes built of chance odds
 and ends.

* * * * *

But what bodes the meeting where this shall be
 read?

'Tis a secret,—so whisper it softly, lest Fred
 And Walter and Henry and Benjamin hear,
 For this secret's not meant for a gentleman's ear.

But, alas! our poor sex proverbially weak
 For keeping a secret;—not more than a week
 Had elapsed, when to *most* every brave benedict
 His wife has imparted this secret so strict;
 But Rufus and Thomas and Dana can't know
 This secret momentous; what damsel dare show
 Such weak minds to these three fortunate youths,
 Who, 'mid the club maidens can't tell which to
 choose?

There's the Doctor's fair daughter; the black-
 eyed Miss E.,
 And the songstress who often goes up to high C;
 Miss Helen, the dauntless; the maids who to-night
 Played Miss Minnie Daze and Miss Bess Star-
 bright;

Then Tiger's fair mistress ; another one still,
Who can better among us the characters fill
Of Shakspeare's proud queens. Yet one more
on my list

Is awaiting emolument, — our bright poetess
Who's enlivened our festivals oft with rich rhyme
And sentiment woven in excellent time.

Two fair maids have come our circle to swell,
All know their names, so I'll not need to tell.

One source of festivity, each coming year,
Which enlivens us much, is the Twelfth Night
good cheer.

Two knights of the ring we've already declared ;
But alas ! not discovered the "woman who dared"
To challenge the first gallant knight of the ring ;
Fair maids, without doubt, think it not just the
thing.

Our Club's seen a decade, and now has just ta'en
A fresh lease of life ; for what else could it prove
Than a long-lived, permanent, firm institution ?
That to break it, amend it, or aught of such nature,
Would require the tact sure of magician or satyr.
And now, before I close, one thought I'd bring
To that bright spirit that inspires our Club

When at its best : —

Shakspeare, thou glorious mind ! I laurels twine
for thee
Of thoughts and aspirations breathed in me

By sweet reflection on thy works superb.
Spirit so dazzling! I would fain disturb
Thy dreams immortal, thy most spacious brow to
crown,
But visions beatific blind me, and I needs must bow
In simple admiration of thy gift sublime.

TWELFTH NIGHT FESTIVAL.

IF ever committee have labored, dear friends,
To find an original something
To amuse and instruct for this festival night,
'T is we, I assure you, 'pon honor.
We 've moused among libraries; Shakspearean lore
Have conned o'er again and again,
And yet must acknowledge with deepest chagrin;
That nothing original have we discovered,
Not even original sin.
We have questioned friends, teachers, professors,
and such
As are thought to possess of learning so much
That no subject's supposed to escape observation,
From a fanciful flight to the truths of creation,
Or a subject to rouse the concern of the nation,
Political strife or soft-money salvation;
But this question about the Twelfth Night cele-
bration
Has seemed to defy their acute penetration.

So, thrown on our wits,
A grave body we sat,
Almost scared into fits
O'er this and o'er that,
When we thought that our Club might laugh in
derision,
To think we should come to the same old de-
cision, —
To read from Twelfth Night and to have a fine
cake,
In which, as of yore, a ring shall be baked.
So we cudgelled our brains,
And found for our pains,
That instead of *one* ring,
And that sort of thing,
We could have circlets *two*,
As there were but a few
To whom fate had assigned
The mystical ring.
Besides 't was a custom
Of old, we have found,
To elect Twelfth Night king
And queen by the ring;
So here let it be
As the minstrel shall sing!

SHAKSPEAREAN VISION.

WRITTEN FOR SHAKSPEARE FESTIVAL, APRIL 23, 1875.

AMID the mountains was my fancy wrought,
Regions so teeming, full of glowing thought,
Their lofty grandeur oft had tempted me
To sit me down in careless reverie.
That day the picture was a fairy scene,
Or one just tempered with fantastic sheen.
Methought those distant mountains parted quite,
And quick revealed to my astonished sight
A dazzling realm, fairer than mortal ken
Could ever fashion 'mid the haunts of men.

When my weak vision 'customed to the blaze
Of splendor was, which first my sight did daze,
I saw amid this beauty rich and rare
Beck'ning me on, a maiden chaste and fair.
Her lovely presence quick with trust inspired
My wondering reason, and I soon inquired
"Whither away, my fair and beauteous guide?
Full confidence impels me to thy side ;
But I would discover who thou art
That thus would'st wile away my trusting heart.

"Ariel," she said, "messenger of the realm
Where our belovèd Shakspeare guides the helm ;
Wouldst view the court of spirits where he reigns,
Thou'st but to follow me o'er these fair plains."

Far down the lovely vistas was I led
Like Dante to the regions of the dead.
Soon as we 'd crossed this level space entire,
Methought I heard some wood-nymph's tuneful
 lyre,
And following close my swift-paced, fairy guide,
We entered quick a wood; a brook beside,
Reposing with his dear philosophy,
The melancholy Jacques there did lie,
Musing upon life's chances and its changes,
His morbid mind o'er his fond subjects ranges.

Inveighs he still 'gainst love, yet lingers near
Where congregate these bands of lovers dear;
For in a grove, not many rods afar,
Romeo is straying with his lovely star;
Rosalind and Orlando follow near;
Jessica and Lorenzo no more fear
A father's grave displeasure and his ire,
For he's transported to the regions dire,
Neighbors to the Macbeths; King Richard, too,
Is found in this most tragic company;
For villainy, Iago there is chief,
And Goneril and Regan are the belles.

Fain did we linger long the lovers near,
Behold brave Ferdinand and Miranda fair;
Hermia and Lysander, Helena;
Demetrius no more followed from afar
By saucy Puck, confuser of their loves.

Katherine and Petruchio next we meet,
Both bright as ever and much more discreet.
Anon we flit ; a gay laugh greets our ear ;
'Tis Beatrice and Benedick anear,
And sharp'ning their wits on whom, think you,
But that extravagant Malvolio ?
Mercutio joins them, and a merrier three
One scarce could find for lively repartee.

Not far away the Lady Portia goes,
Attended by her Lord Bassanio ;
They leave the lovers gay, comfort to give
To those who in the vale of sadness live ;
Hoping by gentle influence to lure
These grieving hearts their sorrow to forget.
Othello soothes his gentle lady fair ;
Cordelia solaces the saddened Lear ;
Katherine, Constance, oft their tales rehearse,
And sweet Ophelia sings her griefs in verse.
But Hamlet's queen, who never can forget
Her tale of woes, is plunged in deep despair.

Anon we reach a shining, limpid stream,
Where musing spirits e'er would love to dream.
A skiff is moored ; but quick as Ariel gave
The sign, we're wafted o'er the sparkling wave.
The helmsman full of humor is with us,
For he's no other than Polonius.

As lightly skim we o'er the wave,
Familiar strains us greet.

"A pickaxe and a spade, a spade
For and a shrouding sheet."

And as we land upon the farther shore
We see these grave-diggers and many more
Who constitute a merry company.

And here we find the learnèd Dogberry,
Quince, Bottom, Clowns in great variety ;
Sir Andrew and Sir Toby e'en must laugh
At witticisms of stout Jack Falstaff.

The rustic Audrey with her beaming face
"Trips" with her Touchstone and her wonted
grace.

* * * * *

We hie along — what's here ? a human form
Found in this spirit-land. He turns ; we think
'Tis Darwin, and he's found his missing link
In Caliban, the creature nondescript.
Ah ! what a triumph for the scientist !
His face with rapture glows ; he now can prove
His theories beyond a word of doubt.

Next Hecate and her compeers do we meet,
Their occupation's gone ; disconsolate
They wander in the suburbs of the grove
Where dainty fairies merrily do rove ;
Titania, Oberon and their fairy train,—
Gladly they welcome Ariel again.

“I fain would see the ruler of this land,”
I said; and quickly this aërial band
Marshalled me where a snowy canopy
O’erhung a couch whereon there did recline
The poet of the world, the master mind;
Near him, King Hamlet, in his bearing grand,
Talking with young Lord Hamlet, hand in hand.
Majestic Prospero near the twain did stand;
Happy to bask in their Creator’s smiles
Came other noble characters, off’ring
Sincerest homage to their gracious King.

SHAKSPEARE CLUB FESTIVAL.

HISTORIC Club! once more we come together
To celebrate our Shakspeare festal night.
Year after year his memory we’ve honored,
And hope for many years his genius bright
May prove the watchword of our glad reunions.

Far down we glimpse into the shad’wy future,
And pictures many, crowd to fill the canvas
Limned for posterity’s most loving study.

How shall we sketch the noted men and women
Who’ve met in conclave all these happy winters,
And do them justice for their children’s children?
We could not hope to do ’t, e’en could we dip

Our brush in Raphael's tints or Rembrandt's
subtle hues.

And so, alas ! when only commonplace
The colors and materials at our command,
What can we do ? Heaven help us in our work !

Oft I bethink me of the pleasant number
Who met to organize these famous gatherings.
One gentle, loving spirit at whose summons
Our Club was started on its pleasant journey,
Loving and loved while yet he lingered with us.
Life was to him a sunny flow of music ;
And now he leads the higher life immortal ;
A life so full of beautiful ideals,
That we poor mortals scarce can e'en conceive of.

Perhaps he's told great Shakspeare of our wor-
ship,
Of how much inspiration he has given us
While studying his glorious creations.

Who are the heroes of this Club distinguished ?
Who are the Hamlets, Henrys, Richards, Lears,
That have intertwined in our memories
Their personations of these rôles so famous,
With the word-magic of the supreme poet ?
Is their name legion ? Is there not one only,
Lear the doting, stricken father,
One villainous Iago, one pious Othello ?

Brutus and Cassius too,— this twain have given us,
Our fair and gentle Desdemona, she
The same, sweet Katherine to the princely Henry.

Have we a Hamlet, thoughtful, subtle, sombre,
O'er whom psychology so loving lingers?
Have we, or have we not? That is the question!
We ask Marcellus, whose dramatic essays
The Club remembers with a thrill of pleasure.

Then there's Micawber, he who also plays
Orlando, Romeo and Antony,
And all the lovers of poetic fame;
Petruchio too, whose bonny Katherine
Our hearts acknowledged *one* of our comedy
 queens;
The others — you can easy guess them, friends.

We have a Falstaff and a Dogberry,
A Shylock and a singing Ariel;
So we might retrospect *ad infinitum*;
Many there are who need historic mention,
But time would fail to tell of all the talent
That has developed in our winter readings.
Lady Macbeths, Macbeths, Malvolios,
Coriolanus, Henry's Cardinal,
Sir Tobys, Andrews, Clowns of every hue,
Rosalind, Beatrice and lively Benedick, —
Each rôle suggests a trembling voice and form,
That has essayed to dispel fear in language.

Was ever story in the realms of love
So graceful, picturesque and sorrowful
As of the noble lovers of Verona?
Who has forgotten when 't was played by ladies,
Mercutio, Juliet, Romeo, all fair ones?
And then again, one memorable festival,
Three gentlemen, as it was done of yore;
The costume, grace and beauty blent
Of Juliet, Romeo and the fluent muse;
Not to forget the noisy, gallery gods
Who commented and lunched in old-time custom.

But why particularize when all have done their
duty?

Directors, Readers, Secretaries, Committees,
Each could a tale unfold would harrow up our
souls,

Freeze our young blood, and make each particular
hair to stand on end like quills, etc.

But they forbear; we all have been there often,
And know full well, "the best-laid schemes o'
mice an' men, gang aft agley."

And many an evening has been finely programmed,
Which must be altered at the latest moment.

Hamlet was sick, Macbeth was in New York,
Portia was absent, Richard had the mumps.

Poetry's very well for lovers æsthetic;
But business men, mothers and housekeepers
Find duties paramount to Shakspeare e'en.

Yet notwithstanding all their homely rivals,
Our Club has kept along its even tenor
For twelve good years, its numbers rarely chang-
ing ;
And as to-night we gather round the festal board,
We give this toast :—
Here 's to your health and your family's !
May you live long and prosper !

April, 1878.

SHAKSPEARE REUNION.

SAUNTERING leisurely these Autumn days,
Sweet influences hovered in the air ;
Mysterious agencies seemed fashioning
A thought to bring unto our festival.
November breezes blew my hurrying thought,
And fast I sped to catch the airy waif,
Imprison it, where it might chance attract
More willing compeers to make glad my heart,
So rashly tempted into promises
To furnish something for our festival.

But, true, it is an easy task to say
A word of welcome to this company,
Assembled year by year, these thirteen years ;
Almost the same distinguished folk
That constituted our first *rendezvous*.

How long we've lived and loved the fabled lives
Of Shakspeare's beauteous heroines and kings !
So oft we've personated them, until we feel
No living actor speaks with fuller heart
The burning thoughts this master-mind hath writ.

To-night to Shakspeare will our minds be led
By scenes which we have often conned before ;
Richard, the dreadful Gloucester, first we view
Gloating o'er crimes just springing into birth,
To culminate in monstrous villainies
By which he gained a kingdom and a crown,
But found his pillow stuffed with sharpest thorns.
Not e'en his subtlest treacheries, no, not
His cunning plans and reasonings could bring
Him happiness, so steeped his guilty soul
In wickedness, and thoughts for others' woe.

How strange his wooing of the Lady Queen !
Was ever woman in such humor wooed ?
Was ever woman in such humor won ?
It is not nature, but a scene of great
Dramatic force and awful potency.

We women cannot own it simple truth,
This scene full of dramatic imagery ;
Too highly-wrought ! our natures all rebel
At scenes so strange, dread and unnatural.

From things of such dread moment, glad we turn
To scenes of gentle mirth and fancies weird.

'T was midnight! o'er our senses steal
'Soft, witching strains of melody,
As gaily on the greensward turf
The fairies join in revelry.

A glorious background to our dream
The fair moon beaming brightly,
As tripping light, the elf-shapes whirl
In weird-like measure sprightly.

A mystic dance — Midsummer Eve —
Ambrosial dews celestial —
Grateful suffusion of choice sweets
Around this scene so festal.

The strains enhance in mirthful peal
The airy welkin ringing,
While sprites — a bevy gay — approach,
Their vocal off'rings bringing.

Loud swells fantastic harmony,
Echo the valleys tuneful,
Odd whims, caprice of vapory sounds,
Strange visions fanciful.

Yet even here a comic tragedy
Suspends awhile the general content.
Gay Puck confuses so Cupid's intent,
The threads are tangled in an ugly twist.
A medley queer, of song and play and dance.

The honest men of Athens' simple play
Enhances the gay, marriage revelry,
Till finally the tragic disappears,
And sprites and earthlings all rejoicing go ;
A grand dénouement of great happiness.
Anon advancing on the waiting scene
Two Kings disputing for the majesty.
Mars girds his armor on for warlike deeds,
Which come to naught 'fore Venus' mighty power.
A peace is gained, but not by deeds of arms ;
A marriage must compensate for the loss
Of doughty acts and martial trumpets' sounds.
Exit King John and the betrothèd pair.
Yet scarce declared this consummation fair,
When Constance tells the story of her wrongs ;
One woe upon another fast doth press ;
The Pope excites the Con'frence by his threats ;
The newly-formed alliance quick is o'er,
And everything resounds, to arms ! to arms !

And so it is in life, dear friends,
We have our ups and downs.
Alternately for toiling way,
Fortune has smiles and frowns.

But strains discordant shall some day
Resolve to grandest harmony.
As sunlight melts the pearls of dew,
So Faith absorbs the mystery.

Cambridge, November, 1878.

THE OLD HIGH SCHOOL-HOUSE IN
AMORY ST., CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

SENSES steeped in choice narcoctics,
Dreaming one fair summer's day.
Out of past days, fancy fashioned
Shapes of rare imagery.

Foremost in the panorama
Rose that ancient structure quaint,
Naught cared we, if eloquently
Walls were pleading for fresh paint.

Now they have a new, grand school-house ;
But we doubt if in its halls
Can be found more solid comfort
Than enjoyed within those walls.

Panoramic scenes are flitting,
Mem'ry dots the landscape o'er ;
High School days, — they flit before me,
Bright and halcyon days of yore.

Fancy threads her subtle needle
With the clust'ring pearls of time ;
We'll unstring these tiny pearl-drops,
Thread them up again in rhyme.

Mem'ry opes her magic store-house,
Shows her treasures garnered there ;
Lovingly we will unshelve them —
Count the pictures choice and rare.

'Tis a precious picture gallery
I would fain reveal to thee ;
Pictures, many wrought in sorrow,
Others still brimful of glee.

Some were framed in tearful sadness,
Teachers, scholars, cherished here,
Passed away to realms immortal ;
E'er their mem'ries we revere.

Could that ancient architecture
Breathe the story of its life,
Much 'twould tell of wondrous talent
Blossoming 'mid mental strife ;

Tell of poets whose blithe measures
Were matured and fashioned there ;
Tell of artists whose bright palettes
Yield them pictured stories rare.

Lawyers, honest, not litigious,
Found their early training there ;
Litigators, we'll disown them,
They were never fostered there.

Ministers and doctors many,
Merchants constitute a host ;
Where they gleaned their small beginnings
E'er will be their pride and boast.

Published in "Cambridge Chronicle," March, 1875.

SUNSET AT PEARLVILLE.

DIDST send thy heavenly messengers
Father Divine, to earth,
With this rare, radiant, autumn night?
A beauteous gift, divinely fair,—
This happy, festal night
Our hearts o'erflow with grateful love,
Our spirits light rebound
From Nature's quick'ning, glad'ning touch,
Echoing Earth's songsters' gleeful strains,
Tuning our hearts' delight.
'Tis loveliness replete with joy,
'Tis beauty crowned with hope,
'Tis all the fancy conjures fair
Of ideal Paradise.
Bliss waits, e'en here, on loving hearts,
And Eden makes of home ;
Love's beacon light shines bright and clear,
Suffusing hallowed joys,
Shedding an occult influence,
Aye ! blending Earth and Heaven.
Ah ! Nature, peerless, beaming, bright,
Control our wayward hearts,
Breathe holy aspirations down
On harps æolian !
Reveal to us thy precepts fair,
Temper our earthly mould,
Till born of nobler, purer joys,

Joys that thy book divine unfold,
We wake to bliss above.

A heav'nly exaltation bears
Our spirits far away,
Grants one bright glimpse, 'tis all ; then draws
The veil of endless day.

Recalled to twilight's graceful scene,
Which grateful homage claims,
Our mental vistas fade away,
A peaceful calm remains.

Fitchburg, September 1, 1865.

AUTUMN SCENE AT FALLULAH, FITCHBURG.

FLASHING waters, sparkling brooklet —
Laughing, bright and joyous stream —
Sunlight ripples o'er thy mirror —
Autumn tints reflected gleam.
Gay leaves toying on thy surface
Tell that Summer's reign is done ;
Blooming satellites of Autumn
Grant their presence one by one.

Orizons, fair, sylvan goddess,
On thy banks we offer thee ;
Picturesque thy rocky beauty,
Dear these leafy haunts to me.
Far from city strife and bustle
Glide thou on thy sprightly way,
Glad'ning with thy rural presence,
With thy dashing, woody lay.

'Mid this loveliness autumnal,
Fain we 'd dream the hours away,
Here we pay our court to Nature,
Happy all the livelong day.
Thorns sown e'en by *speculation*
Drift adown the lively flow.
Cares we toss to ev'ry whirlpool,
Tiny cascades, see them glow.

Naught here blooms but sweet contentment,
Love's the dainty pollen fair,
High resolves nerve every impulse,
Learn we how to do and dare.
Glad Fallulah — Fairest vision
That the heart of man can know,
Haste thee on thy happy mission,
Murm'ring tales of long ago.

October 22, 1866.

CHESTNUTING.

“ONE by one ” the nuts are falling,
“One by one ” they patter down
On the pied, Autumnal carpet,
Fallen leaves so sere and brown,
Nuts and leaves, and
“Nothing more.”

Haste ye nimbly from your pastimes —
Lads and lasses, quickly run
Ere the agile, little squirrels
Win the race and spoil our fun.
Fun and nuts, and
“Nothing more.”

Chestnut burrs lie thick around us.
Peep into their inner store —
See reposing, nestling cosy,
Three brown nuts, and “nothing more.”
Only this, and
“Nothing more.”

Squirrel's nest! Come quick, my comrades!
How our youthful hearts do quake,
For we've surely found the entrance;
Lo! a scream! a snake!! a snake!!!
Merely this, and
“Nothing more.”

Quick we call a consultation,
August body — children four ;
After due deliberation,
All decide we'll nut no more.
Quoth one lassie,
“Nevermore.”

Thus doth end my chestnut story,
For, with one voice, all conclude,
That the One who made the squirrels,
Formed the chestnuts for their food.
Simply this, and
“Nothing more.”

Fitchburg, 1867.

Published in “Cambridge Chronicle.”

SNOW-STORM OF TUESDAY, APRIL 4, 1876.

I SLEPT one fickle April day,
And dreamed I was in fairy-land.
I woke and — transformation strange —
A crystal wonder-world so grand.

The earth bore trace of fairy tread
And sweet, immaculate caress,
For Nature had her charms arrayed
In delicate and snowy dress.

A sceptre of enchantment wields
The old Snow-King with bearing grand;
He conjures with his sorcery
A spell of magic o'er the land.

Published in "Cambridge Chronicle," April 8, 1876.

TO REV. AND MRS. M. J. SAVAGE, ON
THE OCCASION OF THEIR CRYSTAL
WEDDING.

THE tidal wave of feeling floods
This joyous, happy day;
Our hearts sing gladdest orizons
In this our festal lay.

Good wishes for your festival
We've crystallized in flowers;
We found them eager for your fête
In Nature's rural bowers.

So beautiful — so typical —
These darlings of the grove —
Of friendship; may we not say more,
And offer you our love?

At Ferry Beach, Saco, August 29, 1879.

TENTH WEDDING ANNIVERSARY OF
MR. AND MRS. H. C. R.

AIR — “ *Auld Lang Syne.* ”

OUR festal off'rings here we bring,
On this auspicious eve ;
And kindly greetings, one and all,
With friendly cheer we weave.
A retrospect of “ *Auld Lang Syne* ”
These glad occasions bring,
While onward through fair Hope's domain,
Our thoughts speed on the wing.

May happiness attend our host
And hostess ever dear, —
Prosperity and friends so kind
Be mingled with their cheer.
Their household cherubs folded in
A Father's fond embrace ;
Heaven bless these fairest buds of earth,
And grant celestial grace.

Adown the crystal stream of Time
We drift from youth to age,
While brightest visions, fairest scenes,
Fleet o'er Life's hurried stage.
Then may we, joyous pilgrims here,
So tread our earthly way,
As meet for all the precious gifts
Of an immortal day.

TO MRS. C. A. S.

SUNG BY HER SUNDAY-SCHOOL CLASS.

AIR — “*Home, Sweet Home.*”

LOVED teacher — we meet thee in gladness to-day,
With happiness greet thee, in joyous array;
Assembled, a gay, happy band, at thy call,
Light-hearted we 've come, full of love, one and all.

School-mates, ever dear,
To meet our kind teacher, we 've come one and all.

An off'ring we bring thee, youth's token of love,
For thy teachings blest of the sweet home above;
Our heart's daily utt'rance in thankfulness bring,
Heav'n's blessings attend thee — let all gladly
sing!

School-mates, ever dear,
“God bless our kind teacher!” in gladness we 'll
sing.

Cambridge, February 1, 1865.

TO J. M. N.

AH! where is brave, young Siegfried,
Whom we have looked for long?
Still roaming in the Rhineland
With beauty and with song.

He sends the sweet, young Lora
His greeting fair to bring ;
And many an old Rhine legend
May she be spared to sing.

1877.

TO LITTLE EMMA F.

WHERE go you, little Emma,
Tripping along so gay ?
I love to see your sunny face
Passing every day.

It tells of gleeful childhood,
Full of laughter and fun ;
There is music in your skipping,
And laughter in your run.

Your pretty, little ringlets
Are glistening in the sun,
May all the clouds in your sweet life
Be fleecy as the one

That binds your lovely tresses,
As you skip down the street,
With such happy, winning childhood,
Enchanting all you meet.

First you call in at Grandma's,
Then speed away to school,
Where I wonder if you always
Obey the teacher's rule.

A blessing to your parents,
And all who love you dear,
May you be spared to loving hearts
Many, many a year!

Boston, February, 1870.

Published in "Cambridge Chronicle."

UPON RECEIVING A ROSE-BUD, WITH
THE REMARK THAT IT COST FIVE
CENTS.

I LOVED a beauteous rose-bud,
Which did such charms dispense, —
You nearly broke my heart, friend,
With murmur of *five cents*.

This lovely, sweet, moss rose-bud,
'Twas music to my sense,
How could you be so cruel,
And smile, and say *five cents*?

Utility's the watchword ;
This age of common sense
Just looks upon a rose-bud
As simply worth *five cents*.

REPLY TO — “WANTED.”

“LONE Bach,” I hope thou'st not forgot,
When asking for “perfection,”
Thy “loving mate” might wish in *thee*
No blemish or defection.

Thy hair must be a chestnut brown,
Thy nose a manly Roman ;
Thine eyes the keen and thoughtful gray,
In politics — a Freeman.

Neither too gay, nor yet too grave,
Ignorant nor pedantic,
You must be plain and practical,
And yet a bit romantic.

If thou canst these requirements meet,
I trust you'll find your equal ;
But poetic advertisements
Can't haste my maiden sequel.

To build the lofty rhyme, dear friends,
To-night I've no intention,
 But as a welcome to you all,
I've brought a bit of jingle,
 Which to your minds shall chance recall
Some visions of your by-gones.

A family, by name of T ,
 Well-known in days of yore,
Was famous for its children seven,
 Three boys and sisters four.
They lived near Alewife River bright,
 And on that lively stream
Oft rowed the boat to Wildcat Hill ;
 Ah ! how their eyes would gleam
With fear ; and pit-a-pat would go
 Their palpitating hearts,
Till past that dreadful Hole
 Onward they'd safely dart.
Sarah and Lorenzo were the pets,
 The youngest of the band ;
Of course each wish was gratified
 By all on every hand.

Oh ! but the girls were gay, I ween,
 Their escapades I know
Were such as now their daughters dear
 Are told — “munna do so !”
Which was it of the sisters fair

Fell in the stone-pit deep?
Hannah methinks; and Kate with her
The secret long did keep;
And Dickson's pasture oft did tempt
The sisters out to roam.
Eleanor, Hannah, Caroline
Would call at cousin's home;
"Lucretia! come a barb'ring,
Lucindy too! Maria
Of course will go." (Lord Lovell's song
I find rhymes her with higher,
When speaking of the rose-bushes
For lovers to admire-ire-ire.)

One of the sisters loved to ride
Upon the bare-back steed,
And dashed about devoid of fear
O'er meadow, dale and mead.
But when the teacher she did spy,
Doubtless she looked aghast,
And flew along, John Gilpin speed,
Till she'd the window passed.

What splendid toast did mother make!
What fun the children had
Choosing the three-legged skillet queer,
In which the toast was made!
Pierce did the oftenest secure
This trophy of the toast.

That friendly skillet; where think you
It has so long been lost?

The children oft to town did walk,
Where toll they used to pay.
“I’ll pay him at the other end,”
One sister once did say.
This sister did the strong box keep,
One July Fourth she gave
Four pennies to the younger girl,
Cautioning her to save
Whate’er she bought; and she obeyed;
And, without pocket, brought
The melted sugar in her hand,
Which she as candy’d bought.

The days of bright romance approached,
The beaux came on the stage.
Ah! flutter now the maidens’ hearts
As they do come of age.
J—— B—— brave a box did make,
And to *C. T.* did send;
The maid, indignant, but one glance
Unto his gift did lend;
“Cats’ Tails” she murmured, then consigned
The box unto the flames;
The mother quick recovered it
As at the coal she aims.

The choir rehearsals, singing school,
Oft made the vestry ring,
As with the grand, old psalmody,
Old "Lischer" they would sing.
The clarionet and violin
Did blend their notes among
The harmony; bass viol too,
And flute played as they sung.

And now and then a lecture fine,
Variety did give.
Some of those times you'll ne'er forget
So long as you shall live.
Brass bands they had, too, in those days,
And Massachusetts Guards;
And boldly did the members brave
Defend their homes and yards.

But one by one the boys and girls
Left the paternal roof,
To weave a separate romance
With their own warp and woof.
And soon around each hearth-stone bright,
Appeared gay, little flocks;
And merrily ma knits her love
Into the baby socks.
A second generation — we
Appear upon the stage,
Brave youths and maidens, not a few,
Of every year in age.

Some of us, too, our mates have ta'en,
And on life's journey gone ;
While others still are fancy free,
By no means hence forlorn ;
Remembering the adage trite —
A quaint, expressive thought —
There 's e'en as good fish in the sea
As ever yet was caught.

Amid our festive throng to-night
We miss some of our band ;
One member with his family
Sought home in Western land.
Another, few miles out of town
Purchased suburban home,
Whence, friends and relatives to see,
They now and then do come.

And often do we love to think
Of him, our soldier brave,
Who, fired with patriotic zeal
His country's weal to save,
Left home and friends and all for her,
And nobly passed away,
Where lovingly he 'll welcome us
In our immortal day.

To-night, a welcome cordial, we
Extend to all who meet,

And quick responsive to the call,
Have come, their friends to greet.
As vot'ries of the Muses, we
Have gathered here to-night,
Thalia and Euterpe gay,
Comedy, Music bright.

And more good times we mean to have
In some one else's home,
So look out, all who're here to-night,
We're coming and right soon.

And here I end my text.
Who's ready for the next?

Cambridge, February, 1872.

THIS Christmas tree
Which here you see,
Is hung with gifts for you and me.
It feasts the eyes,
Gives glad surprise
To many pairs of wond'ring eyes.
The candles bright
Shed radiant light
Upon this lovely, Christmas sight;
While popped corn fair
Festooning there,
Contributes to the general glare.
We wonder how
These presents now

Got on this Christmas tree so fine.
 Why! Santa Claus,
 With teeming paws,
Comes down the chimney by moonshine,
 And presents brings,
 And cheery sings,
While gaily o'er the tree he flings
 His wondrous budget —
 Books and things,
Dressing-gown, games, perhaps a ring.

1872.

FINETTE'S LETTER DOWN SOUTH.

SUPPOSED TO BE DICTATED BY A PET ITALIAN GREYHOUND.

I is a little dog, I was,
 I 've got four little paws,
And when I bark, you know, mamma,
 I opens wide my jaws.

Now, Muzzer dear, I want to tell
 My secrets in your ear;
And do n't you, please now, ever let
 The Major's wife them hear.

For she don't give me much to eat
 Since you have been away;
And yet I manage to keep fat
 With what I get each day.

I do not like our striped cat,
She spits at me alway;
And when she's round, I dare not eat,
But have to run away.

I like the sugar-cane so sweet,
Which you sent home one day,
Can't I go South and stay with you,
And have some every day?

I'm just as pretty as I was
Before you went down South,
And should be happy, if I had
More food put in my mouth.

"What beautiful, brown eyes, Finette!"
Our company all say;
And that they look like A. D. B.'s —
Who is he, mamma, pray?

I wear a little ribbon blue,
Until it gets quite gray;
Now should you not think, mamma, dear,
They'd change it every day?

I keep the big dogs all away
By barking when they pass,
And robbers do not *dare* to come,
I'm such a *fiery* lass.

Good-bye ! I now must take a nap ;
That 's all I have to do,
Except to bark and eat and run,
And think, mamma, of you.

February, 1876.

A RAINY DAY.—WITH THREE MORALS.

ONE day, in gentle patter
The rain was falling down,
Finette with Auntie started
On errand in the town.
They raised the old umbrella —
The Major owned the *thing* —
And off the two then started
Quickly upon the wing.
Scarce minutes two they travelled,
When stopped the twain aghast ;
Mein Himmel ! the umbrella
Which Auntie held so fast,
Was now a mass of rubbish,
Of cloth and whalebone, too,
And soaring up aloft there ;
What could the females do ?
“ I say, Miss ! ” quoth a gamin,
“ Gin me the umbrella stick ! ”
Most gladly she relinquished
The thing ; and on they pick

Their slippery way; for snowy
And icy was the day.
Waterproof nor umbrella
Finette had to protect;
Auntie's waterproof and hat
She thought none would detect
Under a broad umbrella,
But quite exposed to sight
Since now the shield had vanished,
Behold their shabby plight!
They laughed and laughed and laughed,
And gaily plodded on,
Despite of rain-drops falling,
Until the goal was won.

MORALS.

No. 1.

Ne'er use a frail umbrella,
Which does not you belong;
If Zephyr should destroy it,
You'll sing a woeful song.

No. 2.

Without her waterproof cape
No maid should walking go,
So liable the climate
To sudden rain and snow.

No. 3.

Pedestrians, take warning !
To walk if you are able,
Ne'er don an old, street costume,
Not wholly presentable.

SIX AND A HALF O'CLOCK, A. M.

I WONDER if any good friends
Are up at this early dawn ;
Husband has taken his breakfast
And hied him away to town.

While I at the clouds sit gazing ;
Magnificent, Eastern skies !
Whence soon in his regal splendor
Old Sol's expected to rise.

Not even a mouse is stirring ;
The family mansion's still ;
These interesting relatives,
Of sleep are getting their fill.

Sleep on ! happy, blue-eyed dreamers,
And take just one doze for me,
Who before the sun doth salute us
Do rise and breakfast with *he*.

'Tis a lively, inspiring hour,
The gaslight burning so dim,
While he quite ghastly smiles at me,
And I quite ditto at him.

But the good time's coming right soon
When day will early be up,
And it will not seem at breakfast
So much like a sleepy sup.

ANOTHER MORNING.

THE morning's darker than ever,
Though nature in snowy wrap
Is welcoming graceful snowflakes
Into her virgin lap.

Thou feathery, "beautiful snow,"
Be-rhymed thou hast been fore'er,
So I'll kindly let thee alone
To float about in the air.

The genial Holmes,—the bright Doctor,—
Says: any one sure can rhyme.
However, the early morning
Is not an enthusing time.

For ideas — granted we have them —
Are fast asleep, shelved away ;

And can't be cajoled, coaxed or bribed
To give me thought to my lay.

So lazily limping along,
With nothings I crowd this verse ;
Sure Shakspeare, of airy nothings
Says something, I think, quite terse.

Aurora at last is at hand,
Ushering in the gray dawn ;
The household is fairly astir,
So I will bid you good morn.

Cambridge.

TWILIGHT FANCIES.

TO A. C. W.

With the highest regard for the geological strata which
forms the ground-work of his calling.

So many, many years ago,
The mind can scarce comprehend the times,
The carboniferous age began
To store its treasures vast, in mines.
Mysterious transformation scene —
Imprisoned sunlight — Poetry
Crystallized in this wondrous ore
So grandly, so mysteriously !
The flame now bursts its prison doors

And tells the story and its joy,
As I before the grate-fire sit
Dreamily rocking,—flashing, coy
It tells of mammoth plants and trees,
Of vegetation's richest phase
In ages past, before the earth
Could penetrate the cloudy haze,
The densities of time and space
Investing that primeval day.
So time rolled on, in myriad years,
And brought us to this blooming May.
While musing here, bright Fancy flits
And leads us through a brilliant maze.
How magical the potency
Diffusing from this dreamy blaze!

Boston, June, 1879.

C. O. A. L.

MUSTER-FIELD — CAMP OF FOURTH BATTALION.

MUSE who inspired the ancient bards
To build the lofty rhyme,
Vouchsafe thy kindly patronage
Unto these lines of mine.

A lone quartette, three he-s, one she,
Mused o'er the *battle* field ;
On their devoted heads, the sun
Poured down his rays ; no shield

The friendly tents afforded them,
For they were stricken down.
The troops had all departed thence,
And silence reigned profound.

Who were these interesting four
That thus did linger long?
Does history record their names,
Or are they writ in song?

No! 'tis for me the tale to tell
Of how they wrought that day;
The gallant deeds of those few hours
Shall furnish me my lay.

An elegant young Sergeant, one
Well-versed in "detail" lore,
A Commissary quite so fine
I ne'er have seen before.

What were his duties, who can tell?
They were so multiform;
He carried floors and pitched the tents,
Despite of heat or storm.

His hand was where 't was needed most,
And then, his duties done,
He'd take the ladies on parade
From morn till setting sun.

And oh! a rare escort he made,
So soldierly his mien,
And just the daintiest, jaunty cap
That on the field was seen.

Next came the Quartermaster D. A. B.
Ah! how our hearts would quail
When his stentorian accents oft
Were launched upon the gale.

Yet still we'll not dispute the fact,
Though much he'd scold and frown;
Whate'er he undertakes, he's sure
To do it up quite *Brown*.

The other two of this quartette
Were really only one.
The Major stayed for work; his wife
I ween, to see the fun.

They worked and talked and laughed and joked
This memorable day.
And nought but watermelons had
To keep their spirits gay.

Young Henry and the Major's wife
The Major's trunk did pack,
And finished as the little man
On his gray steed dashed back.

Then order from this chaos rose ;
The piles were quickly laid.
They all worked with a hearty will ;
Ne'er shall their laurels fade.

That sacred box — Battalion chest,
What did it not contain?
A heterogeneous mass indeed,
To analyze 't were vain.

Full two months there the lemons stayed,
Left to their lone, sad fate ;
Until it moved one Sergeant Leth —
E'en to investigate.

Well ! everything must have an end,
And so did this bright day ;
The quartette bade a sad farewell,
And each one went his way.

Viva the Fourth Battalion brave !
The "Staff" especially ;
"And when they next do ride abroad,
May I be there to see."

August 7, 1875.

INSCRIBED TO THE FOURTH
BATTALION.

THE Mayor was in ecstasy
Of frenzy alarming ;
Constituents were fearing, lest
He 'd do something harming.

What was the cause of this sad state
Threat 'ning insanity ?
Well ! thereby hangs the tale I 'll try
To tell with brevity.

A deposit of gravel fresh
Laid on the roads that day
Necessitated rolling sure ;
But now economy

Controls the sages in debate ;
So one the motion made
To ask the Fourth Battalion* out
And have a street parade.

They 're splendid walkers, "Staff" and all ;
The Major 'll sure be round ;
That famous trio too, I think,
L—— and N—— and B——.

They came and marched ; and since that day
The streets have been so fine,

* Represented on this occasion by Co. B, Cambridge.

That we conclude that no such men
Were ever formed in line.

Lastly the social banquet came,
And genial flow of soul,
Where nothing of the ardent sort
Teems in the flowing bowl.

What would the world do, if this Fourth
Battalion should disband?
Sure anarchy would then prevail;
What misery for the land!

October, 1875.

Is it Inspection or is it Election?
Pray, tell me! I surely forget,
(They crowd on each other so thick and so fast,)
Which one for to-night sure is set.

'T is lucky, indeed! that the most of the "staff"
Are Bachelors, though in their prime;
For their wives "must be angels" t'allow the
Battalion
To monopolize so much of their time.

And yet if the safety of nations demands it,
The sacrifice gladly they 'll make;
Nor would they be happy this sweet tie fraternal
'Twixt the "Staff" and the Major to break.

So Adjutant, Paymaster and new Sergeant-Major,
And Quartermaster the hungry, so-called,
With Quartermaster-Sergeant and Hospital
Steward,
Stand by your brave Major, not G — 1!

THERE was an “old man” and he had three
“hounds,”

Three famous hounds had he, had he;
The first he was tall and thin and lean,
And hungry, brown orbs had he, had he.
And oh! how he loved at the Muster to “boss”
His corps of assistants, did he, did he.
The second, a rogue of blushing years,
And full of the soldier was he, was he;
Full of practical jokes was this tender youth,
And leader of fun was he, was he.
The third was a curly-haired, blue-eyed lad,
And quick with the pencil was he, was he;
On parade with the Adjutant, he could form a
good line,
And caricature all things would he, would he.

This “old man” went hunting one day with his
“hounds,”

And trespassing truly was he, was he,
On the grounds of a good-natured Colonel M.,
Who indulges these boys, does he, does he;

When he picked up a bell with a ringing tongue,
And threw at a rabbit, did he, did he ;
And so crippled the creature with dents in his
head,
That the man and his "hounds" were quite startled with fright,
And thought they had done quite enough for one
night.

Let's ponder the moral of this thrilling tale, —
For moral there sure must be one, —
Go home, you "four boys," at the close of each
day,
And retire at the set of the sun !
For if you are cosily tucked up in bed,
You can't aim a bell at a poor, old man's head,
For though but a comedy this time it proved,
A tragedy next it might truly be.

No more at Boylston Hall resounds
The lively tread or the merry bark
Of those three festive, sweet, pet "hounds."
The master, too, is now no more,
His military reign is o'er ;
The "old man" and his dear, pet "hounds,"
Make music now on other grounds.

TO CO. D, FOURTH BATTALION, M.V.M.

The "Citizen Soldier" reports thus: The Medical Staff was responded to by Dr. O. H. Marion, who read the following poem, the offering of a lady friend:—

Two quick, successful years have passed, my
friends,

Since your official life was ushered in.
Your brief existence makes a record fair
Of earnest, military discipline.

To peaceful scenes you've served apprenticeship;
No warlike deeds your country's service claimed.
And may necessity exact from you
None but the muster-field's short, five day's
fame.

The chief excitement you have known, my friends,
Was e'en last summer, when, to reduce the
expense,

And also the efficiency to increase,
Of Massachusetts's proud militia,
Your Major doffed his shoulder-straps and sword,
All for the general, military good.

Down went the staffs. The Generals, where were
they?

Scarce sooner asked than answered;
For quick a roster new displaced the old,
And with the new régime — the chaos dire —

(Which did so naturally then ensue
To the enforced and severe inspection,
Which did necessitate much dejection,
When the crowned heads received their rejection,
And far and wide did spread the fierce infection,
Until results were told of new elections.
Then all subside to set their fresh affections
Upon their new commanders.)

The chaos dire did disappear,
And to the Fourth Battalion came
A Major new, and yet so like
The old, you'd say 'twas e'en the same.

The former "staff" was shattered quite ;
Just half were taken, half were left.
The General gave the watchword more (Moore),
Then pounced, and left your staff bereft.

The heroes three, whom he has won
To this increase of glory,
We trust they 'll ever keep in mind
The Fourth Battalion's story.

Then to this staunch, young company,
We give a stirring three times three !
Long live the Fourth Battalion !
And long live Company "D" !

December, 1876.

PATRIOTIC.



PATRIOTIC.

PEACE VERSUS WAR.

CHANGED now the joyous scene,
Changed all my peaceful dream,
No more with thoughts serene
Tune I my lyre.

[*Martial spirit*—RECITATIVE.]

War with its train dims the fair horizon,
Shrilly the bugles crush my dream supernal ;

[*Passionately.*]

Parted from all my heart deems bliss on earth ;

[*Reverentially.*]

Prayerful my heart inclines to the Father.

[*Prayer.*]

Tenderly shield them, O Gracious Father ;
Fold them most lovingly in Thy dear arm ;
On their hearts faithful, shed balm celestial,
Shield and protect them, and save from all
harm.

FREE LAND.

RING out glad peals of rejoicing and gladness, for
Liberty's banner so proudly unfurled ;
Hail, happy day ! when in brightness so glorious,
Freedom's star dawned on this fair, Western
world.

Rapturous tidings the breezes are wafting us,
Long, hill and valley shall echo our joy.

See our bright flag gaily waving 'mid Heaven's
azure,

Free from dark taint, our escutcheon so fair,
Freedom and Justice forever victorious —

Pæans triumphant shall long rend the air.
Jubilant chant we our hearts' joyful utterance,
Merrily hymn we our transports of cheer.

Soft our exultings wild, mellow to sorrow's dirge,
Trembling with pathos, our carollings float
Over the mounds where our soldiers in slumber
sweet

Heed not the call of the clarion note.
Peacefully sleep ye, in honored graves, fearless
ones,

Thine be the victory, thine be the gain.

Published in "Cambridge Chronicle," February 6, 1865.

PEACE THROUGH WAR.

COLUMBIA, the fairest and the best
Of nations — the land of the free —
Thy banner still floats to the breeze,
Proud emblem o'er land and o'er sea.
Defiance to traitors we hurl,
As proudly our flag we unfurl,
And faithful to gallant, old Mars,
We'll die for the Stripes and the Stars.
Then rally, Columbia's brave sons !

Come quick to the standard of Right,
Brave champions of Liberty's cause !
Our flag's starry folds, stainless, bright,
Shall wave 'mid a halo of light.

Proud manhood comes quick to the strife,
His armor all burnished and bright ;
And pledges his honor, in faith,
To freedom, and justice and right.
The sky of our nation's o'ercast ;
But soon shall the clouds, floating past,
Reveal our dear Red, White and Blue,
So welcome to loyal and true.

Then rally, Columbia's brave sons !
Come quick to the standard of Right,
Brave champions of Liberty's cause !
Our flag's starry folds, stainless, bright,
Shall wave 'mid a halo of light.

Then welcome, thrice welcome the day
When Union and Concord shall reign !
Of nations we 'll lead in the van,
And follow in Liberty's train.
The shackles of bondage no more
Shall gird our fair Liberty's shore ;
But Freedom, the watchword for all,
Shall rouse our brave men at her call.
Then rally, Columbia's brave sons !
Come quick to the standard of Right,
Brave champions of Liberty's cause !
Our flag's starry folds, stainless, bright,
Shall wave 'mid a halo of light.

YOUR COUNTRY CALLS.

UP and away to the contest, ye brave !
Why sit ye dallying here ?
Will ye not strive our proud banner to save,
Homes, friends and loved ones so dear ?

Our flag shall ne'er be disgracefully furled
By traitors' unfeeling hands.
Long may it wave in the eyes of the world,
O'er true and united lands !

Leave happy homes in your country's just cause !
Buckle your armor so bright !
Long live our noble, old veteran,* whose laws
Our soldiers obey with delight.

Peace to his ashes, when low he shall lie
In a hero's well-earned grave ;
Who nobly has lived and bravely will die,
Determined his country to save.

Published in "Cambridge Chronicle," July 31, 1861.

LINES

SUGGESTED BY THE DEPARTURE OF THE THREE CAM-
BRIDGE COMPANIES, TO JOIN THE THIRTY-EIGHTH MASSA-
CHUSETTS REGIMENT.

OUR banner is floating o'er land and o'er sea ;
Hurrah ! boys, hurrah ! 'tis the flag of the free.
While we live, it shall ne'er be furled from our
sight,
But wave it shall ever for freedom and right.
We'er sure that our Cambridge boys ne'er will
betray
What bravely and proudly they've sworn to obey.
God bless and restore them safe home, one and all !
No stain on their honor, whate'er may befall.

* General Scott.

Methinks I can see in the far future bright,
This dark cloud and murky, fade fast from the
 sight ;
While Hope, with her anchor, the helmsman of
 fate,
Shall moor her frail vessel to our ship of state.
Sail on ! despair never ! Hope merrily cries ;
Sombre clouds shall darken ne'ermore our bright
 skies ;
Our watchword is Union and Freedom to all ;
Then let us maintain it, whate'er may befall.

Oh ! many the hearts that beat sadly to-day,
As nobly they give their best life's blood away ;
Remember the mission they all have in view ;
Encourage them onward with vigor anew.
Forget not their earnest, which sure they'll fulfil
So long as remain their stout heart and strong
 will ;
For Justice and Union they'll fight, one and all,
Defend their loved country whate'er may befall.

May God bless you, brave hearts, so valiant and
 true !

A maid's choicest blessings we'll daily give you ;
And though we with brave ones the sword can't
 unsheathe,
While wielding the needle, our love we can
 breathe.

Our country and homes now to you we entrust ;
Our eagle let fall not, from stars down to dust ;
Then proudly we 'll welcome you home, one and all,
And still claim your friendship, whate'er may
befall.

Published in "Cambridge Chronicle," August 26, 1862.

INVOCATION.

BLOW ye gentle breezes gaily, —
Waft ye balmy gales of spring
Cheerful tokens to the brave ones, —
Speed ye cheery on the wing.

Haste ye on your happy mission,
Tiny missives, penned in love.
Winds from home, no laggards prove ye ;
Blessings whisper from above.

Home, sweet home is to the soldier
Talisman so dear and sweet ;
Holy mem'ries oft awakened,
Lamps shall be unto their feet.

Cheer up, faint heart, — waver never,
We are near that blessèd shore
Where we 'll hear glad proclamations,
War shall now be waged no more.

Hark ye to the blissful summons, —
 Come ye all at His behest.
 Hear ye not the angels whisper
 Peace, beloved, here find rest?

Published in "Cambridge Chronicle," May 9, 1863.

DEDICATION HYMN.

SUNG AT THE EXERCISES OF THE MEMORIAL MONUMENT
 FOR CAMBRIDGE REVOLUTIONARY PATRIOTS, NOVEMBER
 3, 1870.

AIR — "*Calm on the Listening Ear of Night.*"

BORNE on the ear in accents low
 From recollections tide,
 Thought wafts us scenes of early days
 Which courage beautified.

In solemn consecration met,
 We tune our melody,
 Grateful petitions we would raise,
 And lift our hearts on high

In mem'ry of that beauteous crown,
 A patriot's just reward;
 Prized be the fair inheritance
 Bequeathed to us to guard.

Our fathers fought the glorious fight
At Liberty's dear shrine ;
Affection's tendrils lovingly
About this spot shall twine.

Published in "Cambridge Chronicle."

THE MEMORIAL STONE.

With flag and pennon waving high
Our fathers marched to victory ;
With freemen's love of holy truth
Their patriotic souls imbued,
And Independence was their cry ;
Nobly they rallied at the call.

We bless their memories, heroes brave, —
Who died, and country's honor saved ;
Their martial valor we revere,
Their gallant purposes sincere.
For Independence was their cry ;
Nobly they rallied at the call.

This monumental shaft shall tell
Of how they fought and bravely fell ;
Their valiant deeds of daring done,
A glorious heritage they won.
Let Independence be our cry !
Nobly we 'll rally at the call.

Published in "Cambridge Chronicle."

DECORATION DAY.

MAY flowers for our heroes, — strew them gently,
 Tenderly lay them in the greenery, —
 Scatter with reverence the early bloom,
 A loving offering at their earthly tomb.
 Flowers are heaven's smiles, the dewdrops are
 the tears

That mingle in our hearts, this lapse of years,
 With love for the dear, noble patriot-band,
 That died for honor and their native land.
 Flowers for the brave ones — Hallowed ever be
 Thoughts of their deeds so bright in memory.

Published in "Cambridge Chronicle," June 2, 1877.

ANNIVERSARY HYMN.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO CO. F, 38TH MASSACHU-
 SETTS VOLUNTEER ASSOCIATION.

A SONG for country, home and friends,
 'Mid festive cheer we sing;
 We'll quick respond to "Union" calls;
 Loud let our welcomes ring!

CHORUS.

Then comrades, as we meet to-night,
 For auld lang syne,
 We fain the hand of friendship press,
 For auld lang syne.

Fond recollections come to all,
 When, country saved once more,
 We gladly sang of "Home Sweet Home,"
 And left the hostile shore.
 Then comrades, etc.

Amid life's changing scenes, we'll oft
 Recur to days of yore,
 When brothers all, we shared our joys,
 And many trials sore.
 Then comrades, etc.

And tenderly the song we'll raise,
 In mem'ry of our brave,
 Who died an honored, glorious death,
 Their country's flag to save.
 Then comrades, etc.

July 13, 1867.

THIRD REUNION.

CO. F, 38TH REGIMENT MASSACHUSETTS VOLUNTEER
 INFANTRY.

AIR — "*Once again.*"

SCATTERED links once more united
 Harmonize our "Army" chain;
 Heart to heart responds fraternal,
 Voices blend in joyful strain.

Consecrate to country's honor,
Ties once severed, linger near,
Quick rekindle at each impulse,
As to-night we gather here.

While we hymn our word of welcome,
Clasping hand in hand once more,
Thought reverts to scenes of danger
Shared so oft on hostile shore.
Mem'ry's pictures flit before us,
Captivate our earnest gaze ;
Army life in retrospection
Has full many a pleasant phase.

Dimmer grow the canvas pictures,
Fade away from happy view ;
Scenes with sadder moment freighted,
Pass more slowly in review.
Comrades brave we left behind us,
And our hearts with sorrow prest,
Turn to distant graves, and murmur,
"Peace, beloved ones, happy rest!"

July 13, 1868.

DEDICATION HYMN.

ENCAMPMENT WM. H. SMART, POST 30, G. A. R., WEL-
LINGTON HALL, CAMBRIDGE.

AIR — "*Auld Lang Syne*."

WITH loyal spirits tried and true,
Through war's discordant strife,
We cheerfully assume anew
The cares of peaceful life ;
May manhood's banner e'er unfurled,
Our firm allegiance claim,
While faithful to our trust, we 'll win
An honorable fame.

Our interests fraternal linked,
A charitable band,
Our bounties gladly we 'll dispense
With free and gen'rous hand ;
Our institution to subserve
We consecrate this Hall ;
And may this union spirit e'er
Call us within its walls.

Then comrades, as we meet to-night,
Our Hall to dedicate,
We 'll pledge the purpose of our band
To keep inviolate.

Fraternity and loyalty,
 With charity, the ties
 And watchwords of our order fair,
 As we did organize.

February 16, 1870.

LINES.

DEDICATED TO BOSTON LIGHT INFANTRY.

AIR — "*Bonnie Doon.*"

A RETROSPECT fond mem'ry wreathes,
 With many glitt'ring links entwined,
 And wafts us back to earlier scenes,
 Those pictures of the mind.
 An ancient tie is this that binds
 Our company fraternally;
 Late members, — past ones, — all to-night,
 We welcome you right cordially.

Our company since first create
 Hath many noble souls enrolled;
 Nor peaceful haunts alone engaged
 Those valiant hearts, intrepid, bold.
 A glorious record we unroll
 Of patriots' gallant, fearless deeds;
 Imbued with manly, lofty zeal,
 They left all for their country's needs.

And many of those heroes brave
Returned not, when the war was o'er.
A tear unto their mem'ries bright,
Whom we on earth shall meet no more.
While we 'mid scenes pacific dwell,
Let noble thoughts our mind engage,
As down life's river tranquilly
We guide our barque from youth to age.

February 22, 1872.

IN MEMORIAM.

IN MEMORIAM.

MEMORIAL LINES.

OUR SISTER.

SHE left us in the joyous bloom of youth ;
She took our captive hearts away from earth,
Far from this agonizing, crushing grief,
And laid them on the altar fair of hope.
Hope, that her fresh, young and aspiring life
Would blossom in the radiant spirit-world.
This wail of anguish from our stricken hearts,
Before the lofty Majesty on high,
Translates itself into a pearl of faith,
That shines so lustrous for humanity.
Faith that sustains our wavering sight alway,
And bids us feel that His decree is just ;
Why should rebellious murmurs cloud this ray ?
Can we not say, "Our Father's will be done ?"

She was our joy and pride, this loving one.
A sunbeam on life's pathway, bright she beamed ;
Rejoicing when her friends were of good cheer,
And grieving when the rod had smitten them.

Her life was like a fairy wand to bless,
And conjure up a solace for all pain ;
She lived a life of love ; little of self
Intruded on her gentle, kindly thoughts.
Her days exhaled the sweetness of a song,
Like the dear flowers she loved devotedly.
The petals of her soul unfolding here,
Amid affection's tender influence,
Have soared on wings divine to fairer realms
Of immortality, in bliss to bloom.

Her blessèd spirit purer made our lives ;
She magically charmed away life's cares.
Her cheery ways, her tuneful life and voice
Could exorcise all clouds. A child of song,
She revelled in its witching atmosphere.
She loved the beautiful, the good, the true ;
Life's prose, transformed she into poetry.
Life was a foretaste of her heavenly home,
Unconsciously foreshadowing the life
Immaculate, which she so soon must lead.
Invisible, angelic agencies
Refined and perfected her mortal state ;
And is not death for her a higher life ?

In memory of Eliza B. Fisher.

Published in "Cambridge Chronicle," December 18, 1875.

MEMORIAL LINES.

SUGGESTED BY CONSERVATORY CONCERT.

THE air was filled with sweetest strains
 That singing maidens ever sang, —
 Where is the dear familiar voice,
 The voice that gladdest ever rang?
 It sings in Paradise.

And will its brightness nevermore
 Enchant us as in days of yore?
 Since that loved voice was hushed for aye,
 It sings a sweeter, lovelier lay —
 The joys of Paradise.

Life has a pathos deeper far
 Since she has gone. And yet, dear heart,
 She left the pearly gates ajar
 That we may hear her beauteous song
 She sings in Paradise.

*In Sister Eliza's memory.**Published in "Cambridge Chronicle." February 19, 1876.*

IN MEMORIAM.

OUR ELIZA.

I FEEL her sunny presence ever near,
 Those joyful accents trilling wondrous clear,
 How sweetly fall they on my spirit's ear, —
 Sweet sister mine.

Precious the books she read, the songs she sang;
Here are the flowers her dear, caressing hands
Tended so lovingly;
Sweet sister mine.

Wreath the dear harp her graceful fingers swept,
Sacred memorial ever to be kept
Of song, and love for thee,
Sweet sister mine.

I take her brush, unfinished leaves to trace,
My grief is hushed as gentle whispers come,
"Finish my work in memory of me."
Sweet sister mine.

Yes, we live on without thy dear, sweet face,
Trying to be submissive to His grace,
Reminded ever of thy vacant place,
Sweet sister mine.

And yet, since last we kissed those mute, cold
lips,
She seems a guardian-angel hovering near;
As lingers her mild, loving influence,
Sweet sister mine.

Published in "Cambridge Chronicle," January 15, 1876.

MY ANGEL.

OUR ELIZA.

SHE comes to me with sunshine to brighten all
my days,
She comes to me at twilight with her sweet and
winning ways,
She comes with spirits bounding and her heart
brimful of love,
And sings in strains, which echoes seem, from
angel choirs above.

Her music is her happiness, — and happiness is
life ;
Her notes ring with the joyousness which floods
her daily life.
Her face one beam of sunshine, her heart one
ray of love, —
Her eyes do mirror forth the bliss of happy hearts
above.

I see her in a vision, this angel friend of mine,
I hear her gentle accents as she singeth "sister
mine."
I know not if this darling one is with me, or a
dream,
Or if I must learn the story, that things are not
what they seem.

Through our joys must sadness ripple ; to our
loves we say good bye ;
Yet they hover ever near us, though their pres-
ence is not nigh ;
For the spirit-essence lingers as a strain of music
sweet,
And like soft and fairy whispers is the nestle of
their feet.

WILD FLOWERS.

WHAT 's lovelier, what daintier
Than sweet, Spring flowers?
So shyly peeping from the grass
In vernal bowers.

She loved them, how she loved them,—
These early flowers ;
These woody darlings once did bring
Such happy hours.

But grieve not for our loved one
These May-sweet hours ;
She gathers in Elysian fields
Her fav'rite flowers.

In memory of Sister Eliza.

IN MEMORIAM.

OUR WILLIE.

A MERRY youth stole in our life,
And won our loving hearts away ;
His cheery voice and ready smile,
Made glad and joyous all the day.

The merry youth has passed, before
His lyre perfected half its song ;
The ripple of its dying notes
Is borne upon the breeze along.

The amethyst and emerald bright,
Dimples the lovely lake sheen o'er,
And symbolized the happy life,
Which here on earth he lives no more.

His lamp went out so peacefully,
Love scarcely knew his smile had flown ;
Our hearts are heavy with the grief
Which chants a weary, sad, sad moan,

Till solace breathes from this sweet thought,
The angel-sister's saintly song
Has won him from our earthly loves,
To share her grand, immortal song.

In memory of George William Fisher.

Lake Neuchatel, Switzerland, August 1, 1876.

Published in "Cambridge Chronicle," November 5, 1876.

A MEMORY.

WE muse on life, we muse on death,
And sit in the twilight shade ;
Our seasons like Nature's, come and go ;
We all as the leaf must fade.

What is life, we ask, as we play
With the twilight sands on the beach ?
Ripples of sorrow, love and joy
And longings beyond our reach.

And as we muse in the waning light
And list to the ocean's roar,
We feel the flow and ebb of life
And how soon all must be o'er.

We would not cloud the brightest life
With visions gloomy and sad,
But to-day the dear hand beckons,
And my heart cannot be glad.

Life ne'er can seem the same to me
With those bright, young hearts away ;
I seem to float in twilight mist
Where once 't was the fairest day.

We gather the choicest memories
And garner for sorrow's balm,
And try to suppress the grieving,
While singing the joyful psalm.

But we mourn the early taken,
The maiden so loved, so fair,
And the brilliant son of promise.
Hark ! on the tremulous air,

Music is dreamily floating,
Soft on the listening ear ;
Echoes of rapture elysian,
Voices seraphic we hear.

In memory of our Eliza and Willie.

Published in "Cambridge Chronicle," July 21, 1877.

TWILIGHT MEMORIES.

A SWEET and holy calm,
At twilight's tranquil hour,
Steals o'er our reverie,
As shadows gently lower.

The cloudy canopy
Is dotted o'er with stars,
Bright mysteries divine,
A shadowy dream afar.

A group of loving friends
Though absent and unseen,
We feel them hover near,
This twilight hour serene.

A subtle influence
Around our hearts is shed,
As thus in sweet commune
We greet our silent dead.

Published in "Cambridge Chronicle," March 24, 1877.

THE DAYS GLIDE ON.

OUR loved ones go. Each takes his turn
In sorrow — and the days glide on.
We grieve, we're crushed with heart-aches keen,
And still the days glide on.

We cannot see the sun for tears,
And yet its brightness e'en shines on.
How shall we fill this aching void
As still the days glide on?

And though our loved one's voice is hushed,
The birds still sing their sweetest lays.
Yesterday gay — to-day we're dumb —
And still glide on the days.

God will these hearts bereaved sustain
And comfort as the days glide on,
If we but lean on His dear love
While still the days glide on.

Time eases sorrow of its pangs ;
If we but think our loved ones gone
To an immortal, higher life,
Calmly the days glide on.

In memory of Edward A. Teele.

Published in "Cambridge Chronicle," April 8, 1876.

LOTTIE AND JOSIE.

DEDICATED TO MRS. E. G. F.

A BEAUTEOUS bud of promise, —
A bright and lovely flower, —
They came to bless your household ;
How brief their mortal hour !

The tendrils of affection
So closely them had bound.
Death loves the fairest blossoms,
And reaping, when he found

These loved and loving sisters,
He mourned their mortal pain,
And tenderly transplanted
To their immortal gain.

Parents and loving kindred,
These pledges choice and bright,
To sanctify our earth-loves
Are lent to mortal sight.

Though hearts well-nigh are breaking,
 Trustfully, Holy One, —
 Looking to Thee for comfort,
 We 'll say "Thy will be done."

*In memory of Charlotte E. and Ella Josephine Fiske.
 Published in "Cambridge Chronicle," March 1, 1873.*

LINES ON THE DEATH OF MRS. NEHE- MIAH WELLINGTON,

OF LEXINGTON, AT THE AGE OF NINETY-ONE YEARS.

RIPE for the harvest, dear heart, —
 Hast flown to thy rest above.
 Grandmother, — mother, — sweet words, —
 Will linger long in our love.

Tender the mem'ry thou 'st left;
 Joyous thy nature and fond,
 Blessing all hearts with thy love,
 Thou 'st gone to the "Bright Beyond."

July 2, 1871.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF MRS. LUCY BOSWORTH,

AT THE AGE OF SEVENTY-ONE YEARS.

AH! who would wish her back again,
 To suffer o'er those hours of pain?
 Grateful her spirit found release
 In those sweet realms of endless peace.

October 21, 1871.

IN MEMORY OF EDWIN STANTON
CUMMINGS.

SWEET chimes are echoing from the shore,
Glad voices ring out wealth of song,
Celestial love is beckoning
To dwell those happy souls among.

Gently his spirit found release,
This loving one that flitted far,
He wears the saintly manhood's crown,
And vesture shining as a star.

Two radiant souls just passed before,
His heart held in sweet friendship here,
Are guiding him amid the bliss
And wonders of the heavenly sphere.

The life that blossomed here below,
In strength and beauty there shall grow,
Perfected 'mid the glorious truths
Which we on earth can never know.

Life seems a strange, sad mystery,
When minor chords so subtly steal
Upon the rhythmic flow of joy
We in our happiest moments feel.

But strains discordant shall some day
Resolve to grandest harmony ;
As Sunlight melts the pearls of dew,
So Faith absorbs the mystery.

Cambridge, February, 1877.

IN MEMORIAM.

MARCUS ELMER BENNETT.

NOT Death, O stricken one, — but blissful life
Awaits on high our dear, departed friend,
His loving mission here has found an end.
'T is o'er ; the weary, painful, fleshly strife
Which jarred the sweet, æolian chords of life.
Dear heart bereaved, — thy love, by grief refined,
Linking itself with his immortal mind,
Must shadow forth the higher, better life.
Thine anguish is not utter desolate ;
A common sorrow o'er man's common fate
Binds grieving hearts to thee in sympathy.
These cadences of life's sad monody
Voice, underneath the mournful music's wail,
Strains of immortal joy.

The sweet improvisations which his life
And gentle, tender, noble nature breathed
At home's dear altar, where affection wreathed
Garlands of love and peace — a rare heart-life,

Blossomed 'mid music's choicest atmosphere,
Have left soft echoes for your sorrow's balm;
So flows from sacred grief a blessèd calm.
His life on earth was ever to aspire
To grandest thoughts and truths.
Sweet the communion with his chosen friends;
Hearts to affection's home-life consecrate,
And to all lofty aims glorious and great.
But friendship plays upon his lyre no more;
The murmur from the broken strings is o'er.

Published in "Cambridge Chronicle," January 13, 1877.

GONE BEFORE.

DEATH OF MISS ANNA A. WHITNEY, APRIL 26, 1864.

GONE from scenes of fairest promise,
Gone to blissful realms above;
Nought to weeping friends remaineth
Save the boon of thy fond love.

Legacy so rich it proveth,
Priceless boon, a gift sincere,
Blest religion, felt and practised
In thy life of goodness here.

Faith in works, — that blessèd vision
Of thy Saviour's loving face,
Peaceful made thy parting moments,
Conscious of thy Master's grace.

“ Maiden come ! ” His finger beckons
To the happy land of light ;
“ What thou couldst, thy hand has finished,
Welcome to our home so bright ! ”

Fain thy classmates long would linger
O'er those happy school-days past,
Gladdened by thy loving presence,
We a joyous band made fast.

Earthly scenes no more shall claim thee,
Angel-maiden, — long we 'll mourn ;
Our dear circle now infracted ;
Loving hearts with anguish torn.

Gone, yet still art hov'ring near us ;
We thy sweet lyre seem to hear ;
Fancy hears thy angel pinions
Rustling in the ether near.

Thought consoling, blest assurance ;
Mourner, hush thy wail of grief.
Anna has but gone before thee,
Lent but for a season brief.

Long we 'll cherish fond remembrance
Of her virtues manifold ;
Strive to emulate the graces
Of her true and earnest soul.

"HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP."

ON THE DEATH OF A CLASSMATE, MISS MARY ALDEN, OF
EAST CAMBRIDGE, MAY 24, 1865.

SWEET child of Poesy, — hast winged thy flight
To purer, sunnier realms, fair, cloudless, bright?
Celestial canopies, more fitting far
Than earth's chill climes thy genius' heav'nly star.
Thy gentle, winning ways, thy happy smile,
Thy loving heart, so tender, void of guile,
Thy sweet angelic presence, blessèd life,
Which God transfers far from all earthly strife,
May hover near, to exorcise all ill,
And teach submission to His sov'reign will.

The reaper, Death, with his relentless hand,
Hath entered twice our happy, joyous band,
Two spirits choice, transplanted to his sphere,
Leaving sad hearts to chant a requiem here.
Those bright and halcyon days of school-life
sweet,
When Learning's walls echoed to willing feet,
Will in our mem'ries hallowed ever be
Linked with thy presence, Child of Poesy.
Thou bear'st our captive hearts to joys above,
To lay them on the throne where God is Love.

Parents bereaved, — classmates and friends so
dear, —

Pause as ye weep o'er loving Mary's bier.
Think how ye deemed her, saint in earthly guise,
Lent for a time to gladden human eyes;
Goodness and loveliness just ta'en their flight;
Think of her now, an angel bathed in light,
Tuning her lyre to hymns of praise above,
Joining the choir around the throne of love.
Sweet sister spirits in that blissful home,
Fold and protect her — e'er with them to roam.

Published in "Cambridge Chronicle."

SHE LOVED MUCH.

My heart goes out with tender, warm embrace,
And loving lingers with the friends bereaved, —
Mindful that she, whose gentle spirit breathed
Sweetness and love, — while o'er her happy face
Shed a soft halo, as if light divine
Beamed a reflection of her inner life, —
She, the glad spirit, that made bright your life
Has gone before. But still her love is thine,
Herself, her radiance, her great, loving heart,
Her joyous nature, her *immortal part*,
Linger still with you, while they soar above,
And flood you with the sunshine of her love.

I saw her one brief moment, but fore'er
Fondly will mem'ry prize that happy hour ;
Her gracious presence seemed to charm the air
Like the sweet, subtle meaning of the flower.
Her thought smiled a caress, her speech was song,
They are immortal now.
We *must* grieve,
We *will* be glad.

In memory of Mrs. Gertrude McEntee, October 14, 1878.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF MR. J.
HARRIS.

How peacefully winged his spirit
Far from the suff'ring of earth.
"Come thou," the good Father whispers,
"Come to thy Heavenly birth."

Blessèd the mem'ries he left you,
A nature genial and kind ;
Happy through long, painful illness,
Always the same cheerful mind.

Death was a kindly deliv'rer,
Easing his anguish and pain ;
Thought ever fraught with sad comfort,
What is your loss is his gain.

Weary his body was sorely,
Bright, calm and hopeful his soul,
Ah ! 'what a blissful fruition
He reaps in that heav'nly goal.

Boston, April, 1870.

Published in "Cambridge Chronicle."

TO MRS. MARY HOWE, IN HER RECENT
BEREAVEMENT.

"HE IS NOT DEAD, BUT SLEEPETH."

OUR Father's will be done on earth
As e'en in Heaven 'tis surely done.
Thy friend has left the shad'wy vale,
His mortal course on earth is run.

Thy loved companion's voice no more
Will fall upon thy listening ear ;
From earthly loves he's passed away,
No more we'll greet his presence here.

To fairer scenes, prepared for all
Who love His name, he's gone before ;
For thee and those he loved on earth,
He's waiting on that shining shore.

And others of thy angel band
Are turning earthward their fond gaze ;

Our mortal vision fain would pierce
Those vistas hidden by the haze.

We none can know how soon may come
The summons calling us away
To share the joys of Heaven above,
The bliss of Immortality.

Published in "Cambridge Chronicle," January, 1868.

ON THE DEATH OF ELIAS HOWE, JR.

INVENTOR OF THE SEWING MACHINE.

GENIUS has flown, but not its light ;
That lingers with us bright and clear,
A parting gift to all mankind, —
Blest off'ring of the heart and mind.

An ornament to manhood proud,
Thou'st winged thy flight to fairer lands,
Hast soared away from earthly ties
To realms ne'er seen by mortal eyes.

Crowned with the laurel wreath of fame,
But better still, a loving heart,
Thou'lt rise to grand, immortal heights,
And tune thy soul to blissful sights.

A blessèd mem'ry thou hast left
 To father, mother, wife and kin;
 We'll all think of thee tenderly
 Transferred to Immortality.

And bless thy faithfulness on earth,
 Which now receives its meet reward,
 "Welcome, bright spirit, tried and true,
 A crown of glory waits for you."

October 7, 1867.

Published in "Cambridge Chronicle."

IN MEMORIAM OF MRS. SARAH H. DAVIES.

SHE has left you, parents, brothers,
 Friends, and all who found her dear.
 Would ye call her back a moment?
 Never, — dry the bitter tear.

Hark and hear her angel spirit,
 As it wings its heavenward flight.
 Hush! the angel voices whisper
 Welcome to their land so bright.

In the land of bliss immortal
 She is with the angel throng;
 And ere long your summons cometh,
 Pilgrim stay, — 't will not be long.

Published in "Cambridge Chronicle," July 31, 1863.

THE BRIGHT HEREAFTER.

TENDER and beauteous spirit,
Thou leavest earth's decay,
Happiness to find above
Which never shall decay,
In the Bright Hereafter.

List! mourning, stricken ones, —
How wondrously she sings
'Mid sweet, seraphic music,
Which she with angels sings
In the Bright Hereafter.

Fair was she, loved and loving,
Oh! hard 't is to resign
Such gladsome, winning blossoms,
E'en though we them resign
To the Bright Hereafter.

Her earthly ties were many,
And fain she'd with you stay,
But pain her lot was ever,
And could ye bid her stay
From the Bright Hereafter?

Our gracious Father won her
To His divine abode,
Where lovingly He shields her
In that blissful abode,
In the Bright Hereafter.

There, husband, child and parents
She soon will meet again,
Where never come sad partings;
We all shall meet again
In the Bright Hereafter.

On the death of Mrs. Mary E. P.

Published in the "Cambridge Chronicle," February, 1870.

OUR CHARLIE.

LINES TO MRS. ROBERT N. R . . ., IN HER RECENT
BEREAVEMENT.

He has passed away from loving earth-friends,
And entered the beautiful world above;
In your sad affliction, list, bereaved ones,
To the tender, consoling words of love
Which the dear departed whispers to you
From that beautiful spirit-land above.

He tells of ineffable happiness
In that fair and beautiful spirit-land;
He whispers of dear friends who welcomed him
To join his presence with their angel-band;
Freed from all pain in that blissful abode,
Bright world of happiness, blest spirit-land.

A cheerful, glad, genial spirit on earth,
He bequeathed a most blessed memory
To the parents, brothers and friends who now
Must rejoice at his immortality,
His accession to all the joys above,
The joys of a blest immortality.

Published in "Cambridge Chronicle," February, 1870.

LINES SUGGESTED BY THE DEATH OF
MR. CALEB THOMPSON.

TO AUNT P.

TOLL the bell slowly, there's death in the house,
Drop the tear softly, a spirit has flown
Far from the pleasures and sorrows of earth,
Seeking for joy in our Father's bright home.

Heaven, — 't is a blessèd place promised to all;
Meekly the erring implores divine grace.
God is too good to withhold His blest love
From even the humblest children of earth.

Happy the thought that our loved ones we'll meet,
All who have passed to that immortal shore,
Never our days will with sorrow be crossed,
All will be bright in our Father's glad home.

Published in "Cambridge Chronicle."

LINES ON THE DEATH OF MISS MARY
L. JAMES.

AND thou hast fled, bright spirit,
Passed to that happier sphere;
Heav'n will shield thee from the winds
That chill so rudely here.

Drooping with leaves of Autumn,
Death woo'd thee to thy rest,
Devotion soothed thy suffering,
Death was thy wedding guest.

Thy loveliness endeared thee
To many friendly hearts
Who miss thy cheerful presence,
And mourn thou must depart.

But pain at last had weaned thee
To sever earthly loves,
And join the host of seraphs
Around the throne above;

Where tenderly they greet thee,
That loving, kindred band,
That welcomes thee so fondly
To the blest spirit-land.

November 18, 1870.

Published in "Cambridge Chronicle."

LITTLE HARRY W. WOODWARD.

DEDICATED TO MRS. HATTIE B. W.

THE twilight comes and goes, and mourning
hearts

Crushed 'neath the anguish of bereavement sit.

The clear, cold beauties of the star-lit sky

To grieving hearts seem like a mockery.

And so 'twould be, if earthly life were all ;

Happy for us that this dark, shadowy pall,

Of death, but veils from us the future bright,

Which a wise Father clouds from mortal sight.

Ah ! once the twilight was so dear to thee ;

Thy darling's head reposing on thy knee,

Weary with play which had absorbed the day,

He lisped sweet numbers, plaintive strains and
gay.

List ! bereaved one, and hear his rustling wings.

List ! he with choirs of lovely seraphs sings.

Hark ! his sweet voice falls softly on mine ear,

“Mother, dear mother,” thus I seem to hear,

“Grieve not for me who have but gone before

To welcome thee upon this happy shore.

Joy — no more pain within this Eden lies ;

You told me oft, mamma, of Paradise.”

Earth has no happiness without alloy.

This earthly treasure, this thy darling boy,

With all his pretty, sweet and winning ways,
And dear caresses which made glad thy days,
A heavenly messenger was lent to thee,
To shadow forth the grand infinity
Of life upon that blissful shore,
Where our dear friends have only gone before.

In Memoriam.

Published in "Cambridge Chronicle," February 12, 1876.

LITTLE GERTIE BUTTERFIELD.

DEDICATED TO MRS. G. A. B.

HE has ta'en our precious, little sunbeam,
He, the Father, gracious in His wisdom,
To perfect her sweet and loving nature,
'Mid the bright rays of soft, heavenly sunlight.
Angels culled the sweetest, little blossom
E'er had bloomed to gladden mother-yearning;
Called their darling, little angel-sister
To their sports celestial round the portals
Of the happy kingdom.
Yet she was so dear to our affections,
That we scarce can see our bud of promise
In the beautiful Heav'n-Kindergarten.
For our eyes are dimmed with earthly weakness;
And our agony, so keen and bitter,
Cries for faith, and help, and loving comfort
To sustain our hearts so weak and grieving.

Now the festive days once more returning, —
Days to many hearts so happy, joyous, —
Rushes o'er our mem'ry grief's fresh tumult,
Breaks like raging seas beyond controlling,
Bursts the stormy flood of deep emotion, —
Hush! We e'en forget in our bereavement
That long-promised, bright and sunny "sometime"
Where our dear ones that have passed before us
Are so happy in their beauteous haven;
And their radiant spirit-life's so blissful,
That could we but wake from our sad dreamings,
And this mystery could solve so painful,
We should gaze with rapture on the dear ones,
And with eyes now smiling, — once so tearful, —
See with happy calm their joys immortal.

Published in "Cambridge Chronicle," December 30, 1876.

IN MEMORIAM.

LITTLE BENNIE WHITEMORE, AGED SEVEN YEARS.

CHOICE and beauteous buds God gives us
For our fondest care and love;
But, when full of fairest promise,
Bears them tenderly above.

While our hearts are well-nigh breaking
O'er the vict'ry Death has won,
Faith, our balm in sore bereavement,
Bids us say, "Thy will be done."

Published in "Cambridge Chronicle."

OUR PET.—LITTLE TOMMIE BARRI.

DEDICATED TO MRS. MARY H . . . AND MRS. FANNY B

HE passed away, like a sweet zephyr breeze,
Bud of affection—in loveliness bright,
Angels of Death your darling transported
Gently to regions of angelic light.
List ye, to happy chorals seraphic,—
Hymns of rejoicing,—for one little soul
Joins the bright band of cherubs celestial,
Wingeth his flight at the matin bells toll.

Grandmother, weep not,—Mother, why mourn ye?
Over the river, on that blissful shore
Spirits, with love winged, stand beck'ning to thee.
Souls of thy loved ones—dear ones gone
before.

Lo! the veil parteth,—vistas revealing
Bliss, immortality, quick to our sight;
Glories ineffable, visions transporting,
Rapturous, beaming, resplendent and bright.

Radiant, soft halos circle your dear one,
Lightly he bounded from earthly decay;
Spirits like his, too lovely for earthlings,
Form one sweet link with the friends passed
away.

Tender endearments nurtured your loved one,
Cherished and sheltered from danger and ill,
Earth-buds, — Heav'n's blossoms, — gently from
Eden
Waft their balm earthward, our lives to fill.

Published in "Cambridge Chronicle."

TRANSLATIONS.

TRANSLATIONS.

GEGENWART.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

ALL things are speaking of thee.
When shining the sun in his glory,
Thou 'lt follow soon, shall I hope?

Thou seekest the garden's bloom,
So art thou the queen of the roses,
Lily of lilies so fair, —

Dost move in the graceful dance,
So circle the stars in their splendor
In dazzling orbit with thee.

Does darkness its wings outspread,
The silvery light of the moonbeams
Is ever eclipsed by thee.

Thy wondrous grace hath bewitched
The sun, moon and stars with the flowers
To adoration of thee.

Sun of my happiness, thou
The queen of my bliss, and my love-life
For time and eternity.

NÄHE DES GELIEBTEN.—OF THEE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

OF thee my thoughts when sunny, dazzling
shimmer

From ocean gleams,
I dream of thee when moonlight's silvery glimmer
Sheds her soft beams.

I see thee e'er, when whirlwind oft enshroudeth
The distant ridge.
When pilgrims pause, as darkest night becloudeth
The narrow bridge.

The voice of love is ever of thee speaking,
When billows roar ;
And when the stillness broodeth o'er the meadows,
And day is o'er.

My spirit hovers over thee adoring,
And ever near.
The twilight deepens,—now the stars are glowing,—
Wert thou but here.

AN DIE ENTFERNTE. — TO THE ABSENT.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

AND shall I never more behold thee?
Wilt leave me darling thus alone?
Yet haunts me like the sweetest fancy,
Thine every word, thine every tone.

And as the wanderer's glance at morning
Would search heav'n's arching canopy,
And greet the lark so cheery, singing
Its orizon of poesy, —

So would my restless heart discover
My love in grove, in bush and tree;
The burden of my song is ever,
“O come, beloved one, back to me!”

SPRING-TIME.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

FAIR Springtime, — Nature's rapture, —
Welcome o'er hill and dale.
Thy thousand fairy blossoms
Are smiling in the vale.

We hail thy advent yearly,
With mild refreshing showers;
Thou bring'st the reign of Flora
In verdant, lovely bowers.

With soft, melodious accents,
As birds each other greet,
My beauteous maid comes tripping,
Her lover fond to greet.

Wilt grant, O blooming Nature,
A boon unto my fair?
For I would fain a garland
Twine in her flowing hair.

Fair Springtime, — Nature's rapture, —
Welcome o'er hill and dale, —
Thy thousand fairy blossoms
Are smiling in the vale.

Published in "Boston Woman's Journal," May 22, 1875.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINE.

THE rose and the lily, the dove and the sunshine,
Once loved I with rapture in glad, summer time.
I love them no more, my heart's highest heaven
Thou art, O my fair one, to whom my troth's
given.

Thou only the flower of all love,
Art rose, dove and lily, and bright sun above.

JUNE SONG.—BE COURAGEOUS.

TRANSLATION FROM THE GERMAN OF EMANUEL GEIBEL.

BE courageous, — cheerful, — quickly
Then will speed youth's hour away.
Hast thou yet in thee discovered
What unaltered, brightens day?
Canst thou striving, rightly picture
What the spirit freely gives?
Canst in verse-lore subtly render? —
Loving worker truly lives.

Never now the wingèd canvas
Spread I in the distant sea,
Unless force of law accused me,
Constrained me from love to flee;
Every wonder which I sought for,
Far-off, tightens love's fond ties;
And so bless I happy fortune;
And so praise I still, my lot.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF EMANUEL GEIBEL.

O MAIDEN, why sleepest?
Come hither to me,
For the glad hour now cometh
When I wander with thee.

O tarry no longer,
Come quick to my side.
Through sparkling, bright waters
Our gay bark shall glide,
Guadalquiver's blue waters
Our gay bark shall glide.

Music by Jensen.

MY STAR.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

Now veils the night, the balmy, Spring night,
All the world in enchantment so dreamy.
Long, long ago my heart thrilled with delight,
'Mid soft, hazy twilight hours, love, with thee.
Alone now I'm roaming in meadow and grove,
Of thee ever thinking with longing and love,
For thou art my rapture, my dream afar,
Thou art mine idol, my radiant star,
For thou art my rapture, my dream afar,
Thou art mine idol, thou art my star.

Spring now is come with blossom and song,
Joyous notes the sweet warbler singeth,
Autumn steals softly in summer's bower,
But ne'er aught of sadness it bringeth.

I carry the Spring ever fresh in my heart,
 And ne'er from my life shall its gladness depart,
 For thou art mine idol, my radiant star,
 For thou art my rapture, my dream afar,
 Thou art mine idol, thou art my star.

Music by Cooper.

INS MONDLICHT AM MEERE.

LUSTROUSLY the billows sparkle
 In the moonbeam's wondrous light,
 Angels hov'ring, softly whisper
 To my love a fond good-night.
 Radiantly the stars are peeping,
 Bringing dreams of my dear love,
 And my heart its tale of rapture
 Prayerful sings to Him above,
 Heavenly Father, guard and save him
 While he wanders far from home,
 Whispers Hope, my love is coming,
 Never more from me to roam;
 Sleep my darling, now good-night.

LOVE.—SONNET.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ITALIAN OF PETRARCH.

IF 't is not love; what then is this I feel?
 Or if 't is love, pray heaven, define it clear!

If bliss, whence this intensity of pain ?
If guilt, why, every torment, art so sweet ?
If willingly I glow, whence this lament ?
And wherefore sighs, if it must bring me woe ?
O counterpart of death, — Torture most dear, —
Can'st work unconsciously in me thy will ?
Or if with my consent, in vain I grieve.
Amid tempestuous winds, in fragile bark,
Tossed rudderless upon the mountain waves,
Groping so blindly, led by error's rule,
That I can scarce interpret mine own will,
Midsummer chills, while winter me inflames.

Published in "Cambridge Press," January 1876.







